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## AN OPEN QUESTION.

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE MONK ALOYSIUS.

DR. BASIL BLAKE had plain but comfortable apartments in Paris, on the third story, overlooking the busy Rue St. Honoré. A balcony ran in front of his win-

dows were closed, and Dr. Blake was seated in an arm-chair, with a friend opposite in another. It was now midnight, but, late as it was, this friend had only come in a few

and tobacco, lay or stood upon the table; and Dr. Blake was even now offering a glass of Burgundy to his visitor.

Dr. Basil Blake was a young man, with a



The finding of the treasure.—Page 4.

dows, upon which he could step out, whenever he felt inclined, to watch the crowds in the street below. On the present occasion, however, the balcony was deserted, the win-

minutes before; and, by the attitude, the actions, and the words of both, it was evident that they were intending to make a night of it. Bottles, decanters, glasses, cigars, pipes,

frank face, clear eyes, open and pleasing expression. His friend was a fellow-physician —Dr. Phelim O'Rourke—with whom Blake had become acquainted in the course of his

studies in Paris, and who, in every respect, presented a totally different aspect from his own. He was much older, being apparently between forty and fifty years of age. His frame showed great muscular strength and powers of endurance. His hair was curling and sprinkled with gray. His nose was straight and thin. He wore a heavy beard and mustache, which was not so gray as his hair, but dark, shaggy, and somewhat neglected. His eyes were small, dark, keen, and penetrating.

"I wouldn't have bothered yeas at this onseasonable hour," said O'Rourke, who spoke with a slight Irish accent, "but the disclosures that I have to make require perfect freedom from interruption, and ye see ye're all the time with yer frind Hellmuth through the day, and so I have to contint myself with the night, ayvin if I were not busy myself all through the day. But the fact is, the matter is one of the most imminse importance, and so ye'll see yerself as soon as ye're infarrumed of what I have to tell. Ye know I've alriddy mintioned, in a casual way, that my secret concerruns money. Yis, money! gold! trisure!—and trisure, too, beyond all calculation. Basil Blake, me boy! d'ye want to be as rich as an imperor? Do ye want to have a rivinus shuparior to Rothschild's? Have ye ivir a wish to stittle yerself for life? Answer me that, will ye?"

Saying this, O'Rourke slapped the palm of his hand emphatically upon the table, and fixed his small, piercing black eyes intently upon Blake.

"Oh, by Jove!" said Blake, with a laugh, "you're going too far, you know. Don't exaggerate, old fellow—it isn't necessary, I assure you. Money, by Jove! I'd like to see the fellow that needs it more than I do. I'm hard up. You know that, don't you? Don't I owe you five pounds—which, by-the-way, old chap, I shall be able to—"

"Tare an ages!" interrupted O'Rourke, "don't be after talking about such a paltry matter as five pounds. By the powers, but I ixplet, if I can only injuce ye to give me a lift in my interprise, that before long ye'll look upon five pounds as no more than five pence, so ye will, and there ye have it."

"Go ahead, then, old fellow; for, by Jove! do you know, you make me wild with curiosity by all this mixture of illimitable treasure and impenetrable mystery."

"Mind, me boy," said O'Rourke, "I ask nothing of ye—only yer hllp."

"And that I'll give, you may be sure. As for any thing else, I'm afraid you can't get it—not money, at any rate; blood out of a stone, you know—that's about it with me."

O'Rourke bent his head forward, and once more fixed his keen gaze upon the frank, honest eyes of Blake.

"It's in Rome—that it is," said he.

"Rome?" said Blake.

"Yis—the trisure—"

"Rome? ah! Well—it's very convenient. I was afraid it would involve a voyage to California. Rome—well, that's a good beginning at any rate."

"It is—it's mighty convanient," said O'Rourke. "Well, ye know, I've been in Rome over and over, and know it like me na-

tive town. I've been there sometimes on professional juties, sometimes on archayological interprises, and sometimes on occasion of any shuperimint ayclisiastical ayvint. I may mintion also that I've got a rilitave living there—he's dead now—but that's nothing; he was second cousin to me first wife, and, of course, in a forryn country, such a near relationship as that brought us very close together, and I attindid him professionally, free of charge, on his dying-bed. It was from this rilitave—Malachi McFee, by name—that I obtained the information that I'm going to convey to you. The poor divvie was a monk in the monastery of San Antonio. I saw a good deal of him, off and on; and one day he had a fall in the vaults of the monastery—he had a very bad conclusion; mortification set in, gangrene, and so forth—so he died, poor divvie. It was on the death-bed of poor Malachi that I heard that same; and ye'll understand from that what credibility there is in the story, for a man on his death-bed wouldn't be afther speakin' any thing but the truth, unless he could get some real future blinift of some sort out of it, pecuniarily, afther he was dead, or before, but that's neither here nor there."

O'Rourke paused here, and looked sharply at Blake.

"D'ye care to hear it now?" said he.

"Care to hear it? of course. Don't you see that I'm all ears?"

"Very well," said O'Rourke, "so here goes."

As he spoke, the deep toll of a neighboring bell sounded out as it began to strike the hour of midnight. O'Rourke paused again, and listened silently to the solemn sound, as one after the other the twelve strokes rang deeply out upon the still night air, and, even after the full number had sounded, he sat as though listening for more. At length he drew a long breath, which sounded like a deep sigh.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but there's nothing in all the wide wuruld that affects me like the toll of a bell at midnight. I moind me, it was in such a night as this, and the bell was tolling just this way, when poor Malachi died. Well—well—he's dead and gone. *Requiescat in pace*—"

"That same Malachi," continued O'Rourke, "was, as I said, a monk in the monastery of San Antonio, at Rome. Have ye iver been in Rome? No? Thin there's no use for me to tell you the situation of the monastery, as ye wouldn't understand. It's enough to say that Malachi was a monk there. Now, ye must know that San Antonio, like many other monasteries, has a divvie of a lot of old manuscripts in the library—some copies of classics, some thaological, and some original—the work of the monks. This Malachi was one of the most erudite and profound scholars that I iver saw. He had all thim old manuscripts at his fingers' ends—ivery one of thim. Now, what I have to tell you refers to one of these manuscripts, that was hauled forth by poor Malachi out of a forgotten chist, and studied by him till he began to think there was in it the rivilation of some schoopindous secret. It was written in Latin, of course. Ye know Latin, I suppose—a little. Yis—yis. I know

what the ordinary iducation amounts to, but could ye read a manuscript written in Latin, in a crabbed hand, full of contractions and corrections? I don't think it. I have that manuscript, and I've read it; and I know that the number of min who could take up that and read it as it stands is not Lagion by any means. I haven't the manuscript here. It's home, with my valuables. It isn't a thing I'd carry about, but I've got the substance of it in me mind. It's a modern manuscript, bound up like a book, not much larger than what we call judecimo size, of about a hundred pages of the writing I've mintioned. Now, the manuscript purported to have been written in the year sixteen hundred and tin, and by all appearances had niver been touched by any hand since it lift the author's, till poor Malachi drew it out of the chist, but lay there among piles of others, neglittid and unknown. It purported to be an account of certain adventures and discoveries of one Aloysius, a monk of San Antonio, some twenty years before, which he had committed to writing, and deposited in the library of the monastery, so as to transmit to the future some mimorial of things that he did not wish to have altogether forgotten. Me cousin Malachi studied it all over and over, and he gave me the book on his death-bed, and told me the whole contents juring my attindence there before I had iver read a line meself. Now I'll just tell you the story of the monk Aloysius, fust of all, as it was told me by me cousin Malachi, and as I read it meself, and then ye'll begin to comprehend what I'm driving at.

"Well, now, this Aloysius was a monk of San Antonio, as I said. He was a quiet, sober, religious, contintid soul, according to his own showing; a good, average Christian monk, with all his wants confined to his own cloisters, and no desires beyant. Now underneath the monastery there were thin, and there are still at this day, vast and xtintive vaults, stritching underneath the whole idifice, and, in some places, they are two stories deep. Here, in these places, they seem cut out of some rocky substratum—the rock is soft sandstone, and must have been worked easy enough—and, moreover, it was the opinion of me cousin Malachi, who was, poor divvie, as I alriddy said, a divvie of an archayologist, that these double-storied exoavations were the work of the ancient Romans. Now it is with the mintion of these vaults that the manuscript of Aloysius begins.

"It seems that he was slint down to the lowermost vaults one day, in company with another monk—Onofrio by name—to remove some wine-casks, or overhaul thim, or something, whin, juring the course of their labors, they reached the rock forming the extreme west end of the vaults; and here, to the surprise of both, they saw an archway, which had been walled up so as to prevent any passing through. The sight excelted both of thim imminely, and they stopped short in their work, and engaged in some prolonged argumentation as to the probable use of such a passage-way. They differred in their opinions: Aloysius holding that it once was a subterranean passage-way to the outside of the city, made in former ages, to be used in case of need; while Onofrio continded that it was nothing more

than a recess, closed up because it was no longer needed; or because, perhaps, some one may have formerly been buried there. This discussion excited him both to such a degree that at length nothing would satisfy either of them but an examination. Onofrio was at first opposed to this, from the belief that some one had been buried there, and he shrank from the discovery of some possible horror committed in the course of those maydayval ages, when men were burnt alive, or buried alive, to any extent, and all *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. It was the way of the worruld in those ages, and a way that Onofrio did not wish to be reminded of.

"Well, at length they decided to examine it at once. Aloysius was the one who did the business. They had a bit of a crowbar with them, which they had brought down to move the barls, and with this he went at the wall. The stones were small, and were mixed with brick; the mortar had become rotten and disintegrated with the damp of cinterries; and so it was aisy enough work for a brisk young lad, like Aloysius seems to have been thin. They had a couple of good-sized lamps with them all the time, to give light for their work in the vaults, ye know; and so, as there was plenty of oil in them, they had plenty of leisure for their work. Well, Aloysius says that he worked away, and at last had a hole made big enough to see through. The wall had not been more than six inches thick, and crumbling at that; and, when this hole was made, the rest followed quick enough, I'll be bound. Well, the end of it all was, that the wall at length lay there, a heap of rubbish, at their feet; and there was the open archway full before them, inviting them to enter."

O'Rourke now poured out a glass of wine for himself, and looked inquiringly at Blake, to see how he felt. One look was enough to show him that Blake was deeply interested, and was waiting very anxiously for the remainder of the story. O'Rourke smacked his lips approvingly, set down the empty glass upon the table, and continued:

"Onofrio shrank back. Aloysius sprang through. Thin Onofrio followed, somewhat timidly. Both of them held their lights before them, to see the size of the interior. It was a passage-way about four feet wide and six feet high, but the length of it they were unable to see. Walking forward a few paces, they still found no ind visible as yet. Suddenly Aloysius saw something which excited his attention. It was a slab of marble about six feet long and a foot in width, fastened in the side of the passage-way. There were letters on it. Beyond this he saw others, and, as he stared around in amazement, he saw that these slabs were arranged on both sides, reaching from the floor to the top of the passage, one above another, three deep, and in some places four. Upon this he turned to his companion, and said: 'You're right, Onofrio. This is some ancient burial-place of the monks of San Antonio.' Onofrio said nothing, but, holding his lamp eagerly forward, tried to make out an inscription that was cut on the marble slab. The slab was much discolored, but the lettering was quite visible. These letters, however, were apparently a mixture of different characters; for, though he could make out here and

there one, yet others occurred in the midst of them with which he was not familiar. The Latin word IN could be made out, and, on another slab, he made out IN PACE. On all the slabs there was a peculiar monogram which was unintelligible to them.

"These were all good Christians," said Onofrio; 'for no others would have "in pace" over their graves.'

"They must have lived long ago," said Aloysius. 'And they had a fashion of writing that is different from ours.'

"They walked on some distance farther.

The graves continued. They were very much amazed, and, in fact, quite schuiefed at the immense number which they passed, all cut in the walls of this vault, all covered over with marble slabs. At length, Aloysius, who was going first, uttered a cry; and Onofrio, who had paused to try and make out an inscription, hurried up. He found Aloysius at a place where their passage-way was crossed by another passage-way, which was like it in every respect—the same niches on the walls, the same marble slabs, the same kind of inscriptions. In addition to this they saw that their own passage-way still ran on, and was lost in the darkness. They both saw that it was far more extensive than they had imagined.

"You were right," said Onofrio, 'such a long passage as this must be more than a burial-place.'

"Be the powers, thin," cries Aloysius, 'we're both right, for it is a burial-place, and if it don't go all the way out of the city, then I'm a haythen.'

"Well, they walked on some distance farther, and then they came to three passage-ways—in all respects the same—no one could have told any difference—and it was this that made them stop in this first expedition.

"Sure to glory," says Onofrio, 'it's lost we'll be, if we go any farther, for sorra the bit of differ I see betune this passage we're in, and the rest of them; so don't let us go any farther, but get back as quick as we can, while we know our way.'

"At this Aloysius tried to laugh away his fears, but without success. Onofrio was afraid of being lost—moreover, Onofrio was superstitious—and had got it into his head that the place was no other than the general burying-ground of pagan Rome. He didn't know but that the pagans buried their dead like Christians; he wasn't enough of an archayologist to decipher the inscriptions around him; and he was terrified at the spectacle of so many pagan graves. Besides, in addition to what they had seen, the passages leading away seemed to give irvidence, or, at least, indications, of an intint that was simply schupundous! So, Onofrio was hint on going back, and there was no hilp for it but for Aloysius to follow. But he swore to himself all the same, that he'd go again if he had to do it alone.

"So back they went, and Onofrio wouldn't bear of stopping till they had got back behind the fust crossing, and then he felt out of danger. So here the two of them, having nothing else to do, rayzhumed their efforts to decipher the inscriptions. At length Onofrio called to Aloysius. Aloysius went to where he was

standing. He saw there a slab cut in letters which were all Roman, without any mixture of those strange characters—Greek, no doubt—that had puzzled them before—ye know the monks in those days often knew a little Latin—Latin being the language of the Church, and widely used for colloquial purposes even outside of the Church, at least in Rome, by foreigners and pilgrims—and so ye see the two of them put their heads together, and made it out. I remember the whole of it. It wasn't long—it was simple enough—and it told its own story. Let me see."

O'Rourke bent his head, and seemed to be recalling the words of which he spoke.

"Fust, there was a monogram which neither of them understood. It's this—ye know it well enough."

Stooping forward, O'Rourke dipped his finger in his wineglass, and traced on the mahogany table this monogram:



"Ye know that," said he; "it stands for Christus, being the two Greek initial letters 'Ch' and 'R.' It was marked by the early Christians on their tombs. Ye see, also, it makes the sign of the cross. As for the inscription, it ran this way somehow, as near as I can remember:

"*In Christo. Pax. Antonino Imperatore, Marius miles sanguinem effudit pro Christo. Dormit in pace.*"

"So ye see by that," continued O'Rourke, after a pause, during which he looked with his usual searching glance at Blake, "that the place was full of Christian tombs. Ye've heard of the Roman Catacombs. Well, that's the place where these two were, and didn't know it, for the reason that they niver heard of such a place.

"Sure to glory!" cried Onofrio. 'It's no pagan burying-ground at all, at all. It's Christian, and we're surrounded by the blessed relics of martyrs and saints. Oh, but won't the abbot be the proud man this day when we tell him this!'

"Tare an ages, man!" cried Aloysius, 'ye won't be afther tellin' him yit; wait till we find out more. Let's come again; we'll bring a bit of a string with us, and unrowl it as we go on, so as not to lose our way.'

"Well, with this agreement they left the Catacombs, got back into the vaults of San Antonio, and, as it was vesper-time, they rowled the barls against the opening so as to hide it, and went away to rezhume their explorations on the following day."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CATACOMBS.

"So ye see," continued Dr. O'Rourke, "what sort of a place it was they had stumbled upon. It was the most sacred spot on earth. It was the burial-place of the saints and martyrs that had suffered at the hands of the bloody pagans—a holy place—a place of pilgrimage!"



At this, he crossed himself devoutly, and took a glass of wine.

"Well, the next day the two of them went once more, and this time Onofrio was as eager as Aloysius. The manuscript doesn't say what either of them wished or expected to find; it simply states that they were eager, and that they took with them several balls of string, to unwind so as to keep their course. Well, this time they went on and came to the place which they had reached on the previous day. They unwound the string as they went; and, thus letting it out, they passed boldly and confidently beyond the place where they had turned back before. Going on, they came to passage after passage, and there was not a pin's difference between any one of them and any other. Well, at last they came to a place where there was a cross-passage, and here an excavation had been made, circular in shape, and about twelve feet in diameter. This place had a more cheerful aspect than any thing that they had yet seen, if any thing can be called cheerful in such a place. The walls had been covered with stucco, which still remained; though down about a foot from the floor it had crumbled off. Over the walls they saw pictures which had been made ages before, and still kept their colors. These were all pictures of things as familiar to them as the streets of Rome. There was Adam and Eve plucking the forbidden fruit; Noah and his ark; Abraham offering up Isaac; Jonah and his whale; and ever so many more of a similar character. Of course, all this only showed still more clearly that the place was a Christian cinotaph, and it was with something like riverince that they gazed upon these pictures, made by the hands of saints. Well, then they started to go on, when they suddenly discovered, yawning before them, a wide opening in the flure, or pavement. It was fower feet wide, and six long. Beneath all was darkness. Aloysius tuk his string and lowered his lamp. About twelve or fifteen feet below he saw a flure like the one where he was standing, and a passage-way like those around him. He also saw slabs with inscriptions. By this he knew that there were ranges of passage-ways filled with tombs immetly beneath, no doubt as xtensive as these upper ones. The sight filled him with schupfection. This was the limit of their second attmpt. The other passages leading away from what he calls the 'painted chamber,' were narrow and uninvitin'; the lower passage-way, however, was broad and high, and gave promise of leading to a place of shuparior importince. By this time Onofrio was as full of eagerness as Aloysius, and it didn't need any persuasin to injuce him to make a further tower through these vaults on another day. This time they brought with them, in addition to their lamps and string, a couple of bits of ladders that Aloysius had knocked up for the occasion.

"Well, now came the time of their third exploration. They tuk their ladders, and descended into the lower passage-way. Down here they found ivery thing just as it had been up above. In one or two places they saw, in side-passages, other openings in the flure, which gave ividence of another story

beneath this again, containing, no doubt, the same tombs ranged in the same way. Such an apparently indless ixtint almost overwhelmed them. Well, at last, when they had spun out nearly all their string, they saw before them an opening, wide and dark, into which their passage-way ran. They intered this place.

"Now listen," said O'Rourke, impressively. "This place is described in the manuscript of Aloysius in the most minute manner, just as if he was writing it down for the binifit of posterity. It was a vaulted chamber, like the one which they had found before. The walls were stuccoed and covered with painted pictures—the dove with the olive-branch; the mystic fish, the 'Ichthus,' the letters of whose name are so mysteriously symbolical; and the portrayal of sacred scenes drawn from Holy Writ; all these were on the walls. Now, this chamber was fower times bigger than the other one.

"You remimber that thus far they had found nothing loose or movable. What may have been in the tombs, of course they could not see. But here all was different. The very first glance they threw around showed them a great heap of things, piled up high in the far corroner. Onofrio hesitated—for he was always superstitious—but Aloysius bounded forward, and at once began to examine the things.

"Now, Blake, me boy, by the powers but it's me that don't know how to begin to tell you this that they found! Whin I read about this in the manuscript—when I saw it there in black and white—tare an ages!—but I fairly lost me breath. What d'ye think it was, man? What? Why, a trisure incalculable, piled up tin feet high from flure to vaulted ceiling; there was gold, and silver, and gims, and golden urruns, and goblits, and perills, and rubies, and imerals; there was jools beyond all price, and tripods, and censors, and statuettes; and oh, sure to glory! but it's meself that'll fairly break down in the attmpt to give you the faintest conception of a trisure so schupindous; candelabras, and snuffer-trays, and lamps, and lavers, and braziers, and crowns, and coronits, and bracelets, and chains—all of them put down in that manuscript, in black and white, as I said—coolly enumerated by that owld gander of an Aloysius, who missed his chance thin, as I'll tell you. But there they were, as I'm telling ye, and I'd jist requist ye to let yer fancy play around this description; call up before yer mind's eye the trisure there—the trisure that the wurruld has never seen the like of before nor since, saving only once, whin the gowld of Peru was piled up for Pizarro's greedy eyes by the unfortunate Atahualpa; but no wonder, for what he saw there was no less a thing than the *trisure of the Cosmas!*"

At this, O'Rourke stopped and looked at his companion. Blake by this time showed evidence of the most intense and breathless excitement.

"By the Lord!" he exclaimed, "O'Rourke, what do you mean by all this? It is incredible. It sounds like some madman's dream!" O'Rourke smiled.

"Wait," said he—"wait till ye hear the

whole of the story, and then we'll be able to discuss the probabilities. I'm not done just yet—I'll hurry on. I can't stand the thought of the glories of that unparalleled scene.

"Well, Aloysius was already taking up the things one by one in amazement, whin Onofrio came up. Onofrio gave a cry of wonder, and caught up several small statuettes, but, after a brief examination, he threw them back with a gesture and a cry of abhorrence.

"Come away!" says he—"come away!"

"What do you mean?" says Aloysius, grabbing up a heap of perills and diamond jools.

"They're the divlie's own work, sure enough," says Onofrio, all of a trimble. "Sure he's put it all here as a bait for our sowis."

"Whist then, Onofrio darlint," says Aloysius. "What's the harrum of whipping off a bit of a diamond or imerald for San Antonio?"

"Oh, sure to glory!" cries Onofrio, "but we'll be lost and kilt intirely, and we'll never get home again. Down with them!" says he. "Fling them back, Aloysius jool," says he. "They're the work, and the trap, and the device of Satan," says he, "an' nothin' 'll iver come of it but blue roon to both of us."

"Sure, an' how could Satan get in here wid the saints and martyrs, ye ould spalpeen?" says Aloysius.

"At this Onofrio declared that this chamber had no tombs, and was thus unguarded, so that thereby the powers of Darkness were able to inter and lay their snares—

"But," says Aloysius—and oh, but it's the clear head that same had on his shoulders—"how," says he, "would Satan," says he, "be afther laying his snares down here where no mortal iver comes?"

"Sure, and that's just it," says Onofrio; "didn't he see us comin'—didn't he jist throw these things in here for us to grab at them? Oh, come back, Aloysius darlint!—drop ivery thing—back to the protection of the saints and martyrs, and out of this!"

"Well, just at this moment several of the gowlden braziers and tripods, which had beet loosened on the pile by Aloysius pulling away some of the gowlden candelabra and diamond bracelets from under them, gave a slide, and fell with a great clatter to the flure. At this Onofrio gave a yell, dropped his lamp, and ran. Aloysius was for the moment frightened almost as much, and followed Onofrio, both of them with not the least doubt in life but that the Owld Boy was afther them. So they ran, an' they didn't stop till they reached the ladder, when they scrambled up, and pulled the ladder up afther them. They now felt safe, and waited here awhile to take breath. Now, mind you, Aloysius had been frightened, but there was an imirald bracelet that he'd slipped on his arrum, and a diamond ring that he'd stuck on his finger, and these two remained on as he ran, and when he felt himself safe he didn't feel inclined to throw them away. But he could not keep them concealed from Onofrio, who detected them by the flash of the gims that outshone the lamp and dazzled him. Upon this he set up a great outcry that they were lost, and would never see the wurruld again, and implored Aloysius to tear the Sa-



tanic traps off, and throw them behind him. But Aloysius refused.

"'Whist,' says he, 'do ye know where ye are?' says he. 'Arn't these the saints and martyrs? Would they allow any blackguard imp to show as much as the tip of his tail? Not they. Niver.' But Onofrio wouldn't be consoled at all, at all, and all the way back wint on lamenting that one or the other would have to pay dear for stealing Satan's jools. So at last they got back safe into the vaults of the monastery, and thin—partly to console Onofrio, and partly out of a ginious filial simtimint and loyal regyard to San Antonio and his monastery—Aloysius towld Onofrio that it would be best to let the abbot know; and this consoled Onofrio, for he saw that he could get the abbot's help against Satan. And so the two of them, without any more delay, walked off and towld the abbot the whole story.

"And oh, but wasn't the abbot the happy man that day! He quistioned them over and over. He bound them by a solemn promise niver to breathe a word of it to another sowl. He thin infarrumed them that he would visit the place himself, and told them that they both would have to go with him. Well, Aloysius was glad enough, and poor Onofrio was badly scared; but the abbot, the dear man, had his own projects, and wasn't going to lose the chance of such a trisure as this, ispecially whin, as ye may say, it might be called San Antonio's own gold and jools.

"'Sure to glory!' cried the holy abbot in rapture; 'don't I know all about it? There's been a tradition here for ages. It's the trisure of the Cæsars. Whin Alaric came before Rome, the sinit and people of Rome tried to save something, so they impied the imperial palace—the *Aurea Domus Neronis*—me boys, of all its trisures—its gold, its gims, its jools, its kyarbuncles, its imiralds, and pricious stones—and where in the wide wuruld they put them nobody iver knew till this day. Alaric was fairly heart-broke with disappointment. They were niver tuk up, for Rome was no longer safe. Genseric came ravagin', and missed them. They escaped the grasp of Odoacer, of Theodoric, of Vitiges, of Totila, and of Belisarius; of the Normans, of the robber barons, of Rienzi, and of the Constable Bourbon; and have been kept till this day, through the ispecial protiction and gyardianship of holy Anthony—may glory be with him!—and now he's handin' it over to us, for the honor and glory of his monastery. Look at this,' says he, whippin' on his own arrum the bracelet that Aloysius had found, and putting the diamond ring on his own finger, and howlding arrum and hand up to the light. 'Tare an ages! boys, but did ye iver see any gims like this?'

"So the holy abbot wint off, iscorted by the two monks; and ye may be sure they kept that same expedition a saycret from all the rest of the monks. It was night whin they wint down—as the manuscript says. The prinsine of the blissid abbot gave the two boys a since of protiction, and even Onofrio seemed to have lost his fears. He grew bold-er, and peered curiously into those darker side-passages which crossed the main pathway. The clew lay along the flure all the

way, so that there was no trouble. Well, they wint on an' reached the painted chamber, and found the ladders lying where they had left them. They wint down. Each one had his own lamp. They walked on for about fifty paces; alriddy Aloysius was reaching forward his hand to show the holy abbot how near the trisure-room was, whin suddenly there was a noise—'a noise,' says the manuscript, 'like rushing footsteps.'

"At that moment Onofrio gave a terrible cry. Again, as before, the lamp fell from his hands, and was dashed to pieces. With yell after yell, and shriek after shriek, he darted back, and bounded along the passage-ways. The abbot and Aloysius heard the noise, too; but of itself, says the manuscript, that noise might not have driven them away, for the holy abbot was riddy with no ind of exorcisms and spells to lay the biggest imp that might appear. But the yells, and the sudden flight of Onofrio, filled them with uncontrollable horror. The abbot, in an instant, lost all his prinsine of mind. He turned and ran back at the top of his speed. Aloysius followed, and could scarcely keep up with him. Aloysius declares that, as he ran, he still heard the sound of rushing footsteps behind him, and was filled with the darkest fear. '*Ingens terror*,' he says, '*implebat nos; membra rigeant; cor stupebat; horror ineffabilis undique circumstabat; et a tergo videbantur quasi catervæ horribiles ex abyssis, surgentes, sequentes atque fugantes. Nos ita inter mortuos, semimortui; inter fugantes fugientes crepti sumus nescio quomodo ex illo abyssis; et ad cryptum monasterii vix semianimi tandem advenimus.*'

"Well," continued O'Rourke, after pausing, perhaps to take breath after the Latin which he had quoted from the old manuscript, "whin they got to the vaults of the monastery, they recovered from their terror, but only to experience a new alarrum. For there, on looking around, they could see nothing of Onofrio. They searched all through the vaults. He was not there. They had locked the monastery door, which led into the vaults, on the inside, and it had not been opened. If he was not in the vaults, he must yit be in that horrible place from which they had fled. But they had seen nothing of him since his first flight. They had not overtaken him. The abbot had a vague reminbrance of a figure before him vanishing in the gloom of the passage-way, but no more.

"They waited for a long time, but Onofrio did not make his appearance. Thin they shouted at the top of their voices, but the sounds died away down the long, vaulted passage without bringing any response icript what the manuscript vaguely and mysteriously calls a '*conventus quidam susurrorum levium, ut videbatur, sonorumque obacurorum, quæ commixta reverberationibus tristibus ac signibus, volebant quasi suspiria de profundis.*' . . .

"At last their anxiety about their companion proved stronger thin the horrors of shuperstition, and they vintured back, growing bolder as they wint, and they wint as far as the fust passage-way. Thin they called and halloed. But no response came. Thin they wint as far as the painted chamber, the holy abbot howlding before him the sacred symbol of the cross, and muttering prayers,

while Aloysius did the shouting. And the manuscript says that they remained there for hours. The opening into the regions below lay within sight, but they didn't dare so much as to think of going down there again. They saw the projection of the ladder above the opening, but dared not go nearer. At last it became ividint that there was no further hope just thin. They wint up and found it daylight above-ground. The abbot was wild with anxiety. He gathered all the monks, got shtrings, and crosses, and torches, and down again he wint with them. This time, embowldined by the prinsine of numbers, he descinded the ladder and stud at the fut. He didn't dare, though, to vinture any further. He didn't tell the monks any thing except that Brother Onofrio was lost. Nothing was said about the trisure. The most awful warrunings were held out to the monks against wandering off. Small need was there for warruning them, however, for they were all half dead with fear. There they stud and sang chants. They did this three days running. The monk Aloysius distinctly affirms that nothing kipt away the minacing demons but the sacred chants and the prayers of the holy abbot.

"Well, nothing was ever heard of Onofrio. After three days they gave up. The abbot had the opening walled up, and thin, overwhillumed by grief, he tuk to his bed. The damp of the vaults had also affected his lungs. He died in about sivin weeks. He left directions for perpetual masses to be said for the repose of the sowl of Brother Onofrio. As for Aloysius, his grief and remorrus were deep and permanint. He niver ceased to reproach himself with being the cause of the terrible fate of poor Onofrio. He niver attempted to get the trisure which he now and ever afterworuds most ferrumly believed to be all that Onofrio had said. Still there was the secret on his sowl, and so he wrote this story of his, and put his manuscript in the library of the monastery. And there ye have it."

With these words Dr. O'Rourke concluded his story, and, turning toward the table, refreshed himself with another glass of wine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### DANCING AFTER DINNER.

You will have seen how nobly Mr. Beeswing bore the brunt of the conversation both at and after dinner. As we have said, Amicia's poison was working in the minds of the young ladies and the young men just as much as her fascination was supreme over Mr. Sonderling. But when Mr. Beeswing had fairly talked himself out on the subject of digestion, there was an anxious pause. It was too soon to go to bed. What was to be done?

"Would Lady Sweetapple sing one of her charming songs?" Lady Carlton suggested. But Lady Sweetapple thought she had sung enough the night before; and so, in spite of the prayers of Mr. Sonderling, who offered to sing "Adelaide" if Lady Sweetapple would

only sing something first, she was stubborn as a rock, and refused point-blank.

"We might dance," said Mr. Sonderling.

"Dance?" said Lady Carlton, "what a capital idea! But who is to dance, and where?"

"The young people can dance," said Lady Pennyroyal. "It will be very amusing, and we old ones can look on."

Florry and Alice were so dull that they were ready to do any thing for a change; and though they were afraid to speak either to Harry or Edward, they were ready to dance; for you are not bound to speak to your partner in dancing, and, in fact, in waltzing it is scarcely possible. They were all for a dance, therefore. When Lady Carlton again said, "But where shall they dance?" Florry was quite ready:

"We can turn up the carpet, and dance here at the end of the room."

To say, with Florry Carlton, was always to do.

"Here, Mr. Fortescue," she said; "and you, Mr. Vernon; and you, Mr. Sonderling; just take up one end of the carpet. It is not nailed down, but kept fast by brass pins in sockets. You will find it will come up in a moment; and, if it's too heavy, I am sure Colonel Barker and Mr. Marjoram will help you. There! we can do it ourselves, without making a fuss by calling in the aid of servants."

Thus adjured, the gentlemen named seized the heavy Indian carpet, and turned it up. The chairs and tables at that end of the room were pushed aside, and, almost in less time than it has taken to write it, there was an ample space cleared for the dancers on the polished oak floor, which was as black and slippery as the grand staircase.

Count Pantouffles did nothing. He would have scorned to do a stroke of work even in play. He stood by and admired.

"Excellent! charming!" he said. "Lady Sweetapple, may I have the honor of the first waltz with you?"

"Certainly, Count Pantouffles," said Amicia, who thought that, in taking the count for the first dance, the pleasure she hoped for in dancing with Harry was only a pleasure deferred.

"Miss Carlton," said Harry, "may I dance the first waltz with you?"

"Yes," said Florry. That was all she said.

"Miss Alice Carlton?" said Edward.

"Yes," said Alice, "with all my heart."

By this time she had begun to think she was treating her Edward very cruelly.

"If it were not for that provoking Miss Price," she murmured, "how happy I should be!"

These six made up all the young people, unless you reckon Mr. Sonderling as young, which was the light in which he regarded himself.

"Whenever one of you has fatigue," he said, "I am ready to begin."

Poor fellow! it was rather hard that he, the originator of the great idea "Let us dance," should have been left out in the cold as soon as the dancing began. But you all

know it's only the way of the world. No great inventor ever profits by his theory. Some one else puts it into practice, and makes his fortune while the inventor starves. The treatment of Mr. Sonderling was therefore perfectly natural, and we beg you will not say a word about it. Look at him, how he sits resigned in the ring of spectators, quite content to wait his time, and reflecting, as he himself will tell you, on many things.

There was no want of music. The piano was excellent—one of Erard's best. Lady Carlton, Lady Pennyroyal, Mrs. Barker, and even Mrs. Marjoram, could play what Mr. Sonderling called "dance-music," and so there was no occasion to stop the dancing for fear the musician might get tired.

The first couple off were Amicia and the Count Pantouffles. And here let us correct our injustice and atone for a fault. Besides his exquisite art of bowing, Count Pantouffles waltzed beautifully. It seemed to come naturally to him, just as when you saw him bow you saw at once that a true bower is born, and not made. He held himself so well; and, more than that, held his partner so well; not clawing, or clutching, or clinging to her; and he danced in such good time, and so smoothly and gracefully, it was a joy to waltz with him, and even to behold him.

"How delightful!" said Amicia, after they had taken a turn or two. "One would like this to last forever."

By this time Florry and Alice were also off. Both Harry and Edward waltzed well, and many of their partners thought them perfection, but it must be confessed that Count Pantouffles surpassed them both. There was, in fact, no comparison between them. If both Harry and Edward waltzed smoothly and gracefully, what did that matter? Count Pantouffles was more smooth and more graceful; and in nothing did he show his mastery over the dance more than in the exquisite ease and grace with which he changed his step in the midst of a waltz, and spun his partner round in what Lord Pennyroyal—who knew no more of dancing than a cow—called "the wrong way." That "wrong way," like back-skating, is the very perfection of waltzing, and if you don't believe what we say, and have never tried either to skate backward or to waltz "the wrong way," we advise you to try to do both, and then see where you will be. In the one case, certainly on the back of your head on the ice; and in the other, perhaps on your face on the slippery floor, with your unhappy partner under you. You are not to suppose, however, that Harry and Edward could not waltz "the wrong way." They both could, but they did not do it with the consummate skill which distinguished the waltzing of Count Pantouffles.

So the six went on, like so many dancing-dervishes spinning round and round, while Lady Carlton played all imaginable waltz-tunes. For some time Mr. Sonderling was content to look on, but when Lady Carlton began to play "An der schönen blauen Donau," it seemed as though his German flesh and blood could stand it no longer. He jumped up after the first few bars, and, just as Amicia and Count Pantouffles paused for a moment, he called out:

"For the will of Heaven, Amicia, one turn!"

At this impassioned address, Count Pantouffles looked unutterable things at the German, of whose ridiculous attire he seemed for the first time fully conscious. As for Amicia, she only laughed in her sweet, winning way, and said:

"Not just yet, Mr. Sonderling; not just yet."

Then she darted off as merrily and as beautifully as the waves of the blue Danube themselves.

"Ach Gott!" said Mr. Sonderling. "And to think she ought to have been my bride, and I her bridegroom in these very clothes!"

With these words he again retired into himself and reflected.

But we have never told you how Amicia waltzed. We beg pardon; we thought you would have known that she was as good a waltzer in her way as Count Pantouffles was in his. Not for nothing had she been brought up at Frankfort in that College of the Deaf and Dumb. In that famous free city on the banks of the Main, which, if its waves are not as blue and beautiful as those of the Danube, is at least as famous for its excellent dancers, she had made herself mistress of the whole art of dancing in many a ball and many a *Lustgarten*. She might not have liked to confess to Count Pantouffles, the descendant of a long line of diplomatists and do-nothings, how much she owed in that way to the ridiculous creature on whom her partner looked down with so much scorn; but, if the truth must be told, Mr. Sonderling had taught Amicia most of her cunning in the waltz. You may imagine his feelings, then, as he sat by and saw her dancing the very steps he had taught her to the very same tunes to which they had danced long ago.

If such things will not make a man reflect, he must be past reflection, and Mr. Sonderling reflected on them accordingly. Ah, that "schönen blauen Donau!" he well remembered when and where he had first heard it, and with whom he had first danced it. It was at one of the balls of the Frankfort Casino—a perfectly respectable society, Mrs. Propriety, and where, if it is still conducted with the respectability which distinguished it in former years, you may safely let your seven lemon-haired daughters dance when you spend a winter at Frankfort to learn languages, and improve their dancing. Yes, it was at the Frankfort Casino that he had first danced to that tune with Amicia "Smeess," and as he thought of it his eyes were filled with tears, "Die Augen gingen ihm über," like the old toper in Goethe's ballad, as often as he drained the golden goblet which his dying love had given him. Yes, at the Frankfort Casino, about a month before he was to be married to Amicia, and when his poor old mother was stitching at the very clothes he had on. Did he feel like the "ball" in Andersen's story? Not quite, but something like it. The top did not know the ball when they met after a long time; but when he and Amicia met, she knew him. He was in the same society and the same room with her, and was not his wedding-clothing as fine as the new-painted top? No; he was not so badly off as the ball.

As for Florry and Harry, they waltzed on and on, and said never a word. What could Florry say? Her tongue was tied about Edith Price, that mythical being, that fly in her ointment which Lady Sweetapple had thrown into it. Harry Fortescue was, it must be confessed, rather sulky. Not that he was sulky by nature. Not at all; but on this occasion he thought he had a right to be sulky when Florry's manner had all at once changed.

Alice would have given the world to have had an explanation with Edward Vernon about Miss Price on her own account. She would have asked him outright what he meant by writing to a young lady in Lupus Street; but her tongue, too, was tied. Neither she nor her sister had reached that age which considers promises only given to be broken, and the most sacred oaths but binding so long as it suits one of the swearers to respect them. Did Amicia know they would be so loyal when she laid the injunction on them? We do not know; but she was older than the Carltons, and much better versed in the ways of the world. We do not, therefore, think she had as much respect for a promise as they had. Remember, also, that to her, too, Edith Price was still that terrible dark young lady in the background, of whose relations with Harry Fortescue she had the greatest suspicion, simply because she was utterly ignorant as to what they really were.

At last Harry got bored with Florry's intolerable silence.

"I think I should like to stop," he said. "I am sure you must be very tired of me, Miss Carlton."

"Not at all," said Florry. "At least, I mean I am not at all tired, if that's what you mean, Mr. Fortescue."

"I mean what I said," said Harry, stiffly, and at the same time falling out of the dance and handing Florry to a seat at her mother's side.

"Are you tired, Count Pantouffles—as tired as Mr. Fortescue, I mean?" said Amicia to her partner.

"Yes, I am tired," said Count Pantouffles. He was so stupid and selfish, he always said what he really meant, and so you could believe every word he uttered, if it related to himself or his comfort.

"Then we had better stop too," said Amicia, rather piqued, for, he danced so well, she would have liked him to dance on, as she said, "forever."

But Count Pantouffles took himself at his word, and stopped, and so Alice and Edward were the only dancers.

"May I have the pleasure, Lady Sweetapple?" said Mr. Sonderling, as soon as she had rested a little.

"Yes," said Amicia, "as you asked me properly."

"Ach! I had wrong," said Mr. Sonderling. "I did not ought to have called you 'Amicia.' But when I reflect on things that were, I cannot bear to think of things that are."

"You had better forget all the painful past," said Amicia, "and remember only the pleasant part."

"How can I," said the unhappy Ger-

man, "when the pain recalls the pleasure and the pleasure the pain; and at last, the more I reflect, the more painful the whole becomes?"

"Shall we dance?" said Amicia, unwilling to philosophize with her old lover.

"With all my heart," said Mr. Sonderling, and in a moment they were off to "Erinnerung an Wien."

Now, if the truth is to be told, Amicia was quite right, as a mere matter of dancing, to take a turn with Mr. Sonderling. It was a very nice thing even for good judges to say whether he or Count Pantouffles were the better dancer. There was nothing that the count could do that Mr. Sonderling could not also do; and strange to say, as soon as he began to dance, his movements were so graceful that one quite forgot his extraordinary attire. It was like getting accustomed to any ugly but pleasant face, which at last one ends by thinking beautiful. In Mr. Sonderling's dancing one quite forgot the clothes he wore, and one understood how right the ancient Greeks were, who, as far as we can learn, seldom wore much clothing when they danced.

And now Alice and Edward stopped only for a minute or two, and then the young ladies changed partners, and Florry waltzed with Edward, and Alice with Harry, but it was still the same dull, silent work. They were as speechless as those Deafs and Dumbs at Frankfort of whom you have so often heard. To tell the truth, it was worse for Harry with Alice than with Florry; for poor Alice was beginning to think him a dangerous young man, who was leading her Edward away from her into the evil company of Edith Price. We are not sure that she was not downright rude to him; but at any rate Harry soon gave her up, and then Count Pantouffles begged for the honor of a turn, and she granted it, and away they spun.

It was a fine sight for a dancer to see the count and Mr. Sonderling dancing against one another, and it is no little to the credit of the German that even Lord Pennyroyal declared that he quite held his own against the diplomatist. Poor fellow! no wonder he danced, for his heart was literally in his heels, and this waltz with Amicia was the one really delightful moment that he had spent since he returned to Frankfort only to find that Amicia "Smeess" and her father the doctor had departed without making any sign.

So it went on, the pace getting more fast and furious, and Mr. Sonderling even eclipsing the count in the *verve* and *aplomb* which he exhibited. Lady Pennyroyal had succeeded Lady Carlton at the piano, and when she was tired out, Mrs. Barker took her place. Mrs. Barker's playing was like an American striking oil in an unsuspected place. It was very good, and all the better because no one imagined her able to play at all. It was only the gallant colonel who knew that, when he married his wife, she was not only the beauty, but the greatest performer on the piano-forte in the whole station; and when, after she had played several very pretty waltzes, though rather old-fashioned, she began the minuet from "Don Giovanni," and played it with the greatest taste and feeling, Mr. Sonderling was

enchanted, and even Count Pantouffles condescended to say that Mrs. Barker's music was "charming."

"You should have heard her when she was young," said Colonel Barker proudly to Lady Pennyroyal; "there was not a woman in India who could compare with her either on the harp or piano."

"She has kept up her playing wonderfully," said Lady Pennyroyal. "Such taste and such an exquisite touch!"

But the fanatical Mr. Sonderling was not content with hearing either Mozart's minuet or gavotte, he would dance them both with Amicia, who gave way to humor him, only saying:

"If I do, you will remember your promise, and say nothing about what passed between us, for you have sworn, you know."

"I have, by Cupid," said Mr. Sonderling, "and I will keep my oath."

Poor fellow! that final "th" was still his shibboleth, and if we asked impertinent questions, or if we did not know what love is, we might ask what could possess a German to fall in love with a young lady whose very name he could not pronounce. Why did he not fall in love, for instance, with Miss Brown rather than with Miss Smith? Ah, why? you may well ask. The answer, I suppose, is that a man falls in love with a woman, and not with her name. Besides, if he does not like it, or cannot pronounce it, that evil will be changed by marriage, which will put an end to the difficulty.

But to return to Mr. Sonderling.

"I will keep my oath," he said; and then he and Amicia began to figure away in the stately minuet, to the delight of all beholders, and, when they had danced that, they danced the gavotte, which still more enchanted the company.

"Thank you, thank you, Lady Sweetapple," said Lady Carlton, "and you too, Mr. Sonderling. How beautifully you both dance! This performance has been really the event of the evening."

"Performance!" said Florry to Alice, "that is just the word. She is always the same. Acting! that's the word. Last night it was a playhouse recital—'Lady Sweetapple's Declaration,' as it would stand in the bills. To-night it is ballet-dancing. I shouldn't wonder if she had been on the stage at Frankfort, as well as at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs."

"Oh, do hush, Florry!" said Alice; "see, she is looking this way."

"Yes," said Florry, "in her triumph after having tied our tongues with her trumped-up stories. Certainly, to-night she has carried all before her. Mamma, I can see, is getting quite fond of her."

Here Lady Carlton said: "Really, it is so late—long past twelve, I declare—we must go to bed. That is, we ladies, and the non-smoking part of the company.—Dear Lady Pennyroyal, what do you say?"

"I had no notion it was late," said Lady Pennyroyal. "We have been so amused. But I am quite ready to go to bed."

So the ladies all went off to bed and left the smokers to themselves.

As Amicia glided up the black staircase,



like a gleaming, shining snake, in her silks and satin and jewels, she said to herself:

"It will do. The stake was a bold one, but I have played it well, and I shall win. I will take him away before he has time to make any declaration; and when in town and at Ascot—these girls will not come to Ascot, I can see—he shall be mine."

So she passed on into her room, soon to dispatch Mrs. Crump to her bed, that she might think and soliloquize on what was now the sole object of her thoughts.

"He has been very cold to me to-day," she said, "very cold. Has he been warmer to any one else? To Florence Carlton? No, decidedly not. To Edith Price? At any rate he has not written to 'her' again. There was no letter to her in the diab. Not from him. Why did Edward Vernon write to her? That is a question which it is useless to ask. Why do young men write to young persons in Lupus Street? Lupus Street! When I used to study Latin with Karl Sonderling, I remember *lupus* meant a wolf. Is this Edith Price a wolf in sheep's clothing that is destined to carry off my gentle shepherd, Harry Fortescue? I wonder what she is like? Beautiful, of course. Two young men, and good-looking young men too, would not be both writing to her if she were not beautiful. Of course she is beautiful. I wonder if my looks will compare with hers?" As she said this, Amicia looked at herself proudly in the glass. "I have no fear," she said, "if I can only get him away from this place. Oh, how I hate the place and the people in it!—all but Harry. If I marry him, I shan't let Harry be such friends with Edward Vernon. I don't like Edward Vernon. In fact, I don't like any one but Harry—the cold, heartless Harry. I thought, though, he looked hurt when I danced with Karl Sonderling. Poor Karl! how good and faithful he is! He will keep his word, no doubt. I do not care if he will only keep it for a day or two longer. Oh, that horrid Lady Pennyroyal, to think of her asking the girls to Ascot! It was all to spite me, I am sure. Ascot is no place for young girls. They are more in the way there than in any other place. In fact, they are always in the way, I think. I must see if I cannot set Lady Carlton against their going to-morrow."

So she went on, scheming and planning, till it was far on in the night. Pray excuse her, all you good people; she was only very much in love with Harry Fortescue, and resolved to have him if possible. The same thing has often happened before, and will happen over and over again. It is so natural in a young widow to wish to be married again, when she has set her heart on so nice a young man as Harry Fortescue.

As for Florry and Alice, they sat looking at one another in the old school-room ever so long, without saying a word, and then they both burst out crying:

"O Florry!"

"O Alice!"

"Dear, I feel so wretched," said Florry

"And so do I," said Alice.

"He gave me an opportunity, and I never took it!" sobbed Florry; and then she told her sister how Harry had said he was afraid

she was tired of him, and she had seemed not to understand him.

"That was very silly," said Alice. "I wish Edward had been as kind to me. He said nothing in all that long time;" and then again she burst into tears.

"It's all that horrid woman and her Edith Price," said Florry. "I don't believe a word she said."

"Oh!" said Alice, with a deep sigh, "you forget Edward's letter addressed to Miss Edith Price, No. — Lupus Street. That was proof in Edward's own handwriting that she exists, and is no invention of Lady Sweetapple."

"You must ask him all about it to-morrow, darling," said Florry.

"Oh, but I can't; you forget our promise."

"We never promised any thing about Edward and Edith Price, but only about Edith Price and Harry," said Florry, sophistically.

"I think, dear, Edward is included in Harry in this case," said Alice.

"Dear me," said Florry, "what shall we do? How long does Lady Sweetapple stay?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Alice. "Mamma bade me ask them for a few days. This is only Friday, and she has been here since Wednesday. She'll stay over Sunday, of course."

"What an infliction!" groaned Florry. "Suppose it rains. Then we should have Lady Sweetapple and a wet Sunday—two plagues in one."

So the sisters alternately sobbed and talked; but they could take no comfort, though they sat up almost as late as Lady Sweetapple.

"I say, old fellow," said Harry to Edward, "you did not seem very lively, though you danced all that while with Alice."

"Quite as lively as you looked, all the same," said Edward. "You looked as if you were going to be hanged."

"It's no use denying it," said Harry; "there is a screw loose somewhere. Do you know, I think myself rather lucky in not being so far on as you. I feel as if a large bucket of cold water had been suddenly thrown over me."

"My conscience is quite clear," said Edward, "and so is yours, Harry; and when that's the case the best thing to do is to go to bed and sleep one's troubles off."

"Acting on this wise rule, the two friends parted, and were soon sound asleep. Whatever may have happened to the ladies, Harry and Edward had their full share of rest that night at High Beech.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REBECCA RAWSON.

EDWARD RAWSON was for forty years Secretary of the Massachusetts Colony, under the old charter. He was born in Dorset, England, in 1615, and came to Massachusetts in 1637. He married a descendant of the family of Edward Grindall, Archbishop of Canterbury, and hence gave to one of his sons the name of Grindall, which has been

sustained to the third generation in the catalogue of Harvard College.

Mr. Secretary Rawson was an old-fashioned Puritan—formal, precise, and polite. Eliot, in his "Biographical Dictionary," says of him: "He was a respectable character, as we may judge from his having his office so long, while there was an annual election." He was also appointed Treasurer of the English Corporation for propagating the Gospel, in which station, adds Eliot, "he did not give the satisfaction as in the other." And then the biographer goes on to speak of his not giving clothes due to "the praying Indians;" from which it seems that the complaints of our native Indians, so frequent of late, began in the earliest part of the white man's connection with them. But the charge against Rawson was of negligence, and not of fraud.

Like most of the early settlers of New England, the secretary had a large family. Besides the Grindall above named, he had four other sons and seven daughters. The sixth daughter, and ninth child, was Rebecca, whose eventful history we propose to relate.

She was born in 1656. The utmost care was bestowed upon her education, and her beauty and accomplishments attracted wide notice. Rev. John Callender, of Newport, Rhode Island, whose contemporary observations on Boston and its people have come down to us, wrote that she was "one of the most beautiful, polite, and accomplished young ladies of Boston."

A portrait of her may now be seen in the Antiquarian Hall in Worcester, Massachusetts. She had regular features, an oval face, dark eyes, an expression of great intelligence and sweetness, though one may fancy that her countenance seems shaded, as if by some forethought of the sad fate that awaited her.

In the year 1678, when Rebecca was twenty-two years of age, a young man, calling himself Thomas Rumsey, sought employment of Mr. Theodore Atkinson, a well-known gentleman of Boston, and neighbor of Mr. Secretary Rawson. Thomas Rumsey gave out that he had come to New England "upon the account of religion;" that his father had left him a handsome estate, which would come to him upon the death of a step-mother, and that meanwhile he must earn a livelihood. Mr. Atkinson, finding him a young man of good manners and intelligent conversation, hired him for a year, as he said, "to keep my books and accounts, and for the gathering in of my debts."

Thomas Rumsey played his part well. He had not been long in his new situation when he began to drop words about his being "highly bred" in England. He said that his father had been a baronet, and that his own true name was Hale; and the rumor of the day, if not his own assertion, connected him with Sir Matthew Hale, the famous Chief-Justice of England, then lately deceased. He represented himself as heir to a vast estate—as testified Mr. Atkinson and his wife in a deposition from which we quote—so large that "he would not mention it lest he should be laughed at and not believed; that all his father's estate, after the second wife's decease, would be his. These and such like unheard-of stories, in which is not the least

shadow of truth, as the deponents are informed, he made use of as a delusion to put a cheat on Mr. Edward Rawson, of Boston, aforesaid, to accomplish his abominable villainy and deceive his daughter, Miss Rebecca Rawson, whom he was married unto by a minister of the gospel, on the 1st day of July, 1679, in the presence of near forty witnesses."

We have no means of describing how Thomas Rumsey, *alias* Hale, obtained introduction into the Rawson family. Probably he met but little difficulty. A young man of pleasing address, "highly bred" in England, heir to a large fortune, and coming to Boston "on account of religion," would then be welcomed in any circle. No people were more gullible than those old Puritans. A near relation of the renowned Chief-Justice of England was a special prize. Deference to family names and influence has always been very strong in the New-England capital, and it was almost omnipotent two hundred years ago.

As for Miss Rebecca herself, it is certain that she was soon smitten with the young, dashing Englishman. The poet Whittier, in his "Margaret Smith's Journal," says she had attracted the eye and heart of a farmer in Newbury, Massachusetts, where her father owned a country-house which she had visited. The young farmer had had hopes of capturing the Boston belle; but the advances of the foreign suitor led Rebecca to discourage the Newbury swain. Perhaps she afterward often reflected upon the life she might have led, and felt the force of Whittier's couplet in his "Maud Muller":

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—it might have been."

It would be interesting to try to make a picture of the great wedding on the 1st of July, 1679. No doubt all the Boston celebrities of that day were present. Though the town then numbered only some six or seven thousand inhabitants, it was the chief place in all North America. Mr. Rawson's official position, the attractions of his daughter, and the *titular* rank of the bridegroom, insured a large company. The "forty witnesses" represented, we may be sure, a large share of the distinction and fashion of the place.

The governor of the colony, the venerable Bradstreet, whose life nearly spanned the entire century, came, as we may safely presume, to honor the nuptials of the secretary's gifted daughter. No doubt he moved in great state. We have nothing like it in this country now, and can find a parallel only in the lord-mayor's show in London. Ceremonious formality was then in high fashion. The obsequies of Governor Leverett, a few months before, were attended with a pomp hardly credible in these days of democracy.

The treasurer of the colony, Mr. Mint-master Hull, was probably there, coming from his house which stood opposite to what is now the Boston Museum. He was reputed to have amassed a large property by coining the New-England pine-tree shilling, he having fifteen pence out of every twenty shillings coined.

There also came, no doubt, Mr. Samuel

Sewall, afterward Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, who, a short time before, had married a daughter of Mr. Treasurer Hull, and received, as the story ran, the bride's weight in pine-tree shillings. The fact, we believe, was not quite so dramatic as is sometimes represented—that the bride was placed in one scale and pine-tree shillings poured into the other, until the silver turned the beam. But Mrs. Sewall, lately Miss Judith Hull, was undoubtedly a friend of the fair Rebecca, and perhaps some gift from the former was among the wedding-presents in the trunks packed for London.

Among other guests was, perhaps, Rev. Dr. Increase Mather, who wished the newly-married couple all possible joy, and told Mr. Secretary Rawson that he was glad to see how rapidly the town was recovering from the terrible fire which, four years before, on the wings of a strong southerly gale, had rushed northward, burning forty houses, and, among other buildings, Dr. Mather's dwelling and church in North Square. "We have got nicely into our new church," Dr. Mather may have said; "and on collecting my library, scattered at the time of the fire in all directions, I find that out of a thousand volumes not a hundred are missing." He is surprised to see how fast the Baptists are gaining ground here in Boston. Near where he is now living a building is going up, which, as is suspected, is intended for their worship, though the builders will not declare their purpose, as there is a law against erecting meeting-houses without the approval of the magistrates.

This allusion to Dr. Increase Mather reminds us that his son, the famous Cotton Mather, was undoubtedly at the wedding. He had graduated the year before, at Harvard College, where the president, in a public address, referred to him directly as the glory and hope of the colony. His young head is full of book-learning. Exactly how many Hebrew, Greek, and Latin sentences he pedantically quoted, history has not recorded; but, no doubt, he had something from a hundred old authors to produce on the occasion. Some recent change in his plans of life he reports to the beautiful and blushing Rebecca. He finds himself getting better of a habit of stammering and so he has concluded to give up the study of medicine and begin a preparation for the ministry. With this view he, this season, joins his father's church. Rebecca is glad to learn all this, and perhaps expresses the hope that she may one day hear him preach in London.

As to the wedding ceremony, the deposition before quoted says it was performed by "a minister of the gospel." This was not according to the early practice of Massachusetts. It had been the English Puritan policy to take the marriage-service out of the hands of the Episcopal clergy and give it to the magistrates. This fashion had been followed in Boston. Thus, Governor Endicott had been married by Governor Winthrop, and Judith Hull had been married by Governor Bradstreet. The minister who officiated at Rebecca's wedding could have been no other than her own pastor, Rev. Samuel Willard, of the Old South Church; and, if not the first case in the colony, it was among the first

where a minister, and not a magistrate, performed the marriage-service.

After this allusion to the guests and the ceremony, we ought to proceed to the next most interesting point at a wedding—we mean the bride's *trousseau*. We regret that we have here no details. Word has indeed been handed down that she received a handsome outfit, considering that her father was not a wealthy man; and tradition speaks of many large trunks of wedding-presents sent on board the vessel that was soon to sail for London. In this vessel the happy pair embarked, after many farewells uttered between prayers and tears.

But we must hasten to the *dénoûment*. On reaching London, "Sir Thomas" and lady proposed to pass a few days with some relatives of the Rawson family; and, leaving his wife with them, he returned to the vessel to order the trunks to be sent to the house. These soon arrived, but no "Sir Thomas" ever appeared. When patience was exhausted, the trunks were forced open, and it was found that they were filled with chips. Astonished and alarmed, some friends went to the house where Rebecca and her husband had passed the first night of their arrival in London, and eagerly inquired for Thomas Hale. No such man was known, but one Thomas Rumsey stayed there a night or two before with an unknown woman, but had now gone down to Kent to see his wife, there living.

Rebecca never saw the man again. Thirteen years she lived in London, supporting herself and her son by little accomplishments which she now turned to account, such as needle-work, and painting on glass, until, in 1692, she overcame her reluctance to visit Boston, through her desire once more to see her father, still living in a good old age.

She sailed for Boston by way of Jamaica—a common passage at that time. The ship—belonging to one of her uncles—was in the harbor of Port Royal June 9, 1692. That was the day of the destruction of that place by an earthquake, in which two thousand persons instantly perished. In one of the overwhelming surges of the sea the vessel went down, and the waters closed over it and its passengers, including the unfortunate Rebecca.

HENRY A. MILES.

## SIR GEORGE JACKSON'S REMINISCENCES.

TWO volumes, containing the diaries and letters of the late Sir George Jackson, which have just appeared in England, afford much curious information about the inner life of the principal European courts at the beginning of this century. When a youth, the author accompanied his elder brother, Mr. Francis Jackson, to Paris in 1801. The latter went in the capacity of minister plenipotentiary, the former as unpaid *attaché*. In 1802 the author accompanied his brother in the same capacity to Berlin. Five years later Mr. George Jackson was on a special mission when the battle of Jena was fought, and Prussia was temporarily crushed under the

heel of Bonaparte. He was at Memel when the King and Queen of Prussia were residing there after having fled before the conqueror from Berlin. On his way back to England, after the Treaty of Tilsit had been signed, and Prussia stripped of half her territory, he witnessed the bombardment of Copenhagen, and brought home the account of the capitulation. He filled a diplomatic post in Spain from 1808 to 1809, when the Junta, aided by the British troops, was keeping up a hard struggle with the French. As secretary of legation he was at the headquarters of the allied armies during the campaigns of 1813-'14, and entered Paris with them. Afterward he discharged important diplomatic functions at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Madrid. From 1823 to 1827 he resided at Washington as commissioner, under the first article of the Treaty of Ghent, for the settlement of the American claims. In 1828 he was named commissary judge to the several mixed commissions established at Sierra Leone. He was knighted for his various services in 1833 by King William IV. From 1832 to 1859 he was chief commissioner, under the convention for the abolition of the African slave-trade, first at Rio Janeiro, until 1841, whence he was transferred to Surinam, and afterward, from 1845, at St. Paul de Loanda. He retired on a pension in 1859, and died in 1861.

During his unusually varied and lengthened career of diplomatic service, Sir George Jackson kept a diary, and was also an assiduous correspondent. He had a keen eye for every thing of general interest, and he wrote with much point. Hence he has furnished an amount of information about the men and events of his time, which enables the reader of the present day to understand, better than he could otherwise do, the real history of the most stirring period in European annals.

On landing at Calais in 1801, Mr. Jackson was presented with an address by the fishermen's wives. "Twelve of them formed a sort of deputation—two elderly fish-wives and ten young ones, the latter very pretty specimens of their class. All were dressed in a quaint and most picturesque costume—beautiful white-lace caps with broad frills, red or red-and-white-striped petticoats, worked-muslin aprons and neckerchiefs, violet-colored stockings, and charmingly natty *asbats*, lined with white wool, and ornamented in some instances with carvings on the front; besides this, large oval-hooped gold ear-rings, crosses, and chains. There was a numerous attendance of men and women who were not in grand gala: the former wore the ordinary dress of the day, with no indications of their calling but their bronzed faces and hands; the latter had the white-frilled caps, and large, black cloaks with enormous silver clasps."

Here is a sketch of Paris in 1801: "The public buildings are certainly far handsomer than those of London; the houses much higher, and the white stone they are built of looks lighter and more cheerful than bricks. There are good streets and magnificent houses, or hotels as they are called, in the quarter we are to live in. Yet the widest streets can hardly be called very wide, and none are very pleasant for walking, owing to the rough mode of paving them. They have

a gutter in the centre, no footways, and are mostly covered with a thick mud of inky blackness, through which you have to pick your way with some difficulty, and even danger to life and limb; for the *fiacres* and other vehicles are driven in the most careless and reckless way; they come suddenly floundering out of the gutters and sloughs close up to the houses, so that if you are not nimble, or cannot make good your retreat to some courtyard or open doorway, it will be a lucky chance if you escape getting crushed, and are only half smothered with mud. Before we left England my brother said to me, 'For walking take only the thickest boots—Paris mud and dirt, I remember, was heavy and penetrating—and but one pair of leathers, for there was little or no riding.' I can answer for these hints to travellers, founded on his recollections of 1787, answering equally well for 1801."

In France a controversy has recently arisen as to the personal appearance of Bonaparte. Mr. George Jackson's report on the subject is the more valuable because he was an eyewitness, and also because he was not predisposed to praise the first consul. "I was much struck by the personal appearance of Bonaparte; for the caricatures, and the descriptions which the English papers delight to give of him, prepare one to see a miserable pigmy; hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed, with a quantity of lank hair, and a nose of enormous proportions. But, though of low stature, perhaps five feet five or six, his figure is well proportioned, his features are handsome, complexion rather sallow, hair very dark, cut short, and without powder. He has fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence, a firm, severe mouth, indicating a stern and inflexible will—in a word, you see in his countenance the master-mind; in his bearing, the man born to rule."

It is well known that, in their determination to make the Revolution complete, the French republicans of that day altered the names of the seasons, of the year, and the number of days in the week, Sunday falling every tenth day. But they also changed the clocks. Mr. Jackson records, what no other traveller has noted, that a republican clock surmounted the Tuileries. In this clock the hour was divided into ten instead of twelve parts. The men thought it their duty to manifest the purity of their principles by the filthiness of their linen. The ladies made their manifesto by appearing in public with as scanty attire as was possible.

From Paris Mr. Jackson went to Berlin, the contrast between the two places being extraordinary. Of the city he did not think much, yet the life in fashionable circles appears to have been very pleasant. It is noteworthy that most of the nobility spoke French, considering their native tongue vulgar. Since then the fashion has changed, French being in as little favor among the Berliners as German among the Parisians. There is this difference, however, between the two cases; that the Prussians learn French and can speak it if required to do so, whereas the French will not learn German. Mr. Jackson states that the court of Berlin was thoroughly under French influence; that the king "allows him-

self to be swayed and guided by the opinions of persons in the French interest, and it is with them that the principal acts of the government originate." He draws the following comparison between the statesmen of Germany and France: "I could not but notice the difference of manner—a sort of steadiness and composure—that characterized these German politicians from that of the vivacious *intrigants*, whose disputations I had sometimes listened to last winter, and which seemed to be ever on the point of becoming altercations, until a sudden relapse brought them down to a friendly understanding. My brother says the national character is more sterling and solid. I was going to write stolid—thus, by accident, I have expressed my own idea of it, if not a correct one."

Of the celebrated Madame de Staël's visit to Germany accounts are given in the lives of Goethe and of his contemporaries; but these relate merely to her reception at Weimar. How she was liked at Berlin is now for the first time made public: "Madame de Staël is a very curious personage, I assure you. Naturally good-humored, I should think, but overwhelmingly self-sufficient, and having the highest contempt for every thing she meets with in Berlin. Her daughter, a child of nine or ten years, has imbibed her mother's ideas in this respect, as the following little anecdotes tend to prove: At a children's ball, at Prince Ferdinand's, she met with another little girl, whom she seemed to think very pleasant, and said she liked very much; finding, however, in the course of conversation, that her new acquaintance was German, mademoiselle pushed the child away, and, in an angry tone, said: 'Go away, you are German; go away. The Germans are all fools.' This, though considered *assez fort*, is nothing to the *otus*, which almost amounts to infantine *bleu-majesté*: Being at another juvenile reunion at the palace, and taking offence at something the princely said or did to her, she very coolly gave him a swinging box on the ear; upon which he rushed to his mother, hid his face in her dress, and cried; the young lady herself, when remonstrated with, remaining calm and unmoved. It is said that Madame de Staël has been ordered to keep her at home until she has learned better manners; and madame herself will soon find, if she is not more careful, that *les bons Berlinois*, whose civilities she returns with contempt, are beginning to think they have borne rudeness enough, even from *tant d'esprit et de réputation*. As to the child, it is clear to every one that she must be, at least tacitly, encouraged in her impertinence by her mother." It is added afterward that Madame de Staël "was called away unexpectedly by the sudden illness of her father, who has since died at Coppet. She is not expected to return, as she has allowed it to be generally known that her *accueil*—flattering as most persons would have thought it—has not been so cordial as she had expected."

Nothing in Bonaparte's entire career excited more general indignation than the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. The particulars of the occurrence, furnished by Mr. Jackson, render it even more odious and unjustifiable: "On the 14th of March, 1804, the first consul's adjutant Caulaincourt, arrived at Stras-



bourg, with an order to arrest several persons in that city and in Offenbourg, among them five ladies, widows and sisters of emigrants. On the following night, Caulaincourt, with a considerable detachment of troops, passed the Rhine, and halted at Kehl. Another detachment, commanded by a general, crossed at Coppel, and at five the next morning arrived at Ettenheim, the residence of the Duc d'Enghien. His highness's house was then forcibly entered, and he was dragged from his bed, and taken to a mill, at some distance. There he was allowed to dress, and thence was conducted to the citadel of Strasbourg. He was left twenty-four hours in the citadel. He was then taken to Vincennes, where already a military commission was assembled to begin his trial. The prince, it seems, had no suspicion of their intention to proceed immediately to extremities against him; but when the sentence of death was announced to him, he heard it with much composure, requesting only that a confessor might have access to him. This was denied him, and he was at once led to execution. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying 'he had never been afraid to look death in the face.' He requested the officer of the guard to deliver his watch and ring to the Princess de Rohan Rochefort; then, with an air of dignity, and in a firm and resolute tone, he said: 'French soldiers, do your duty, and do not miss me.'

A letter sent from Washington to Berlin by Mr. Merry, then British minister in this country, gives a description of the state of the capital, and shows that Washington was a very different city in 1804 from what it is in 1872: "When, after a long, wretched voyage, they arrived in Washington, they found no house provided for them, and none to be had. After a month's misery and extravagance at an hotel, Mr. Merry succeeded in procuring two houses, with bare walls, and without water or bells, which at an enormous expense were thrown into one, and made habitable. Over a space of wild country, about six miles square, are dispersed about seven hundred houses; the communication between most of them being in the winter season totally impracticable, and at all times dangerous. Only in one direction is there even a road made. As to pavement, they will, perhaps, he says, begin to think of that in the next century. There is the greatest difficulty in procuring the merest necessities, the only market being a few carts with provisions, which come, very irregularly, from the country. The Spanish *chargé d'affaires*, who gave a dinner to Mr. Merry and his wife on their arrival, told him afterward that, to collect the materials for it, his servants had travelled, on their different errands, fifty-two miles."

The death of the king's mother gave occasion for holding what the Prussians call a court of condolence, a ceremony which appears to be even more farcical and meaningless than the majority of those performed in European courts: "All those who assisted at the condolence assembled, about half-past five, in a room of the palace—the ladies in black-stuff dresses, and entirely enveloped in veils of black gauze, of from twelve to fifteen yards in length, which fell in a deep double fold over the face. As we had some time to

wait, the chatting and laughing went on gleefully, and the ladies, who had all thrown their veils back, were amusing themselves with sprightly comments on the droll effect of their dress. The military part of the company—whose red coats, worn over black waistcoats and inexpressibles, had certainly a very odd appearance—came in for their share of tittering raillery. But presently all this hilarity was silenced, every face assumed a gloomy expression, and the veils were drawn hastily down. The large centre doors of the apartment had been suddenly thrown open. Beyond them was a hall, hung with black, and daylight was excluded; the darkness being made still more visible by the feeble light of two candles, burning at the farther end of the hall, and by whose pale glimmer you made out that a figure, enveloped after the same mummy-like fashion as the other ladies, was sitting there in an arm-chair, with several others standing around her. It was her majesty and the princesses. The princes of the family were ranged, standing down the sides of the hall. The ladies entered first, single file, walked slowly up the hall, made a profound courtesy to the queen, and passed on to another room; the gentlemen followed. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, but the dull 'echoes of our feet,' until we reached the outer room, which was well lighted up, and where the giggling and chattering had recommenced with greater activity than before. The preparation for, and conclusion of, this scene formed so striking a contrast to the procession of mourners slowly passing through the dark hall of the shadow of death, as it were, that it produced a singular effect on those who witnessed it for the first time. The king was not present—his grief was supposed to be too overwhelming."

The references to the great defeat of Jena show how crushing the victory of the French had been. An incident narrated by Mr. Jackson proves more clearly than the most elaborate dissertation that after the battle the Prussian soldiers were completely demoralized. Writing from Hamburg on the 1st of November, 1806, he says: "Yesterday morning the Swedish commandant at Anclam was surprised at the arrival, at full gallop, of fifteen hundred Prussian cavalry, pursued by nineteen French chasseurs! Their officers were calling to them, for God's sake, not to behave thus, and telling them no more chasseurs were following. But this had no effect. 'They are French, they are French!' exclaimed the men; as if that was a sufficient excuse for their dastardly conduct. It is the more to be wondered at and lamented, as some of the regiments fought like tigers at Jena." Subsequent events have demonstrated that the Prussians not only recovered from their panic, but even made the French as terrified about them as ever they had been about the French. When in these days complaints are made about the behavior of the Prussians in France, it is curious to read such a passage as the following, relating to the manner in which the French treated Prussia: "Nothing can exceed the insolence and exactions of the French. No sooner is one demand complied with, than another is brought forward, coupled always with the threat of hostilities in case of refusal

or demur. The contributions levied at Dantzic alone now amount to thirty-eight million francs, besides a pension of eleven millions to Lefebvre. Those of Königsberg to eight million francs, exclusive of four hundred thousand thalers they insisted on receiving before leaving the town."

The remaining part of the second of these volumes, though of historical value, will interest readers in England more than in this country. The present instalment of Sir George Jackson's diaries ends with the year 1809, that is, with the battle of Talavera. In the next volume we are promised a minute account of the proceedings which terminated with the battle of Waterloo, and the final downfall of Bonaparte.

## WAR-DAYS IN RICHMOND.

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

THE first of the days when war seemed to be brought most vividly near to us was May 31, 1863, when Johnston assaulted that portion of McClellan's troops which had been advanced to the west side of the Chickahominy, and had there been cut off from the main body of the army by the sudden rise of the river, washing away the bridges on which they had crossed. For those waiting and watching within the city, the day seemed endless. Until sunset the cannonade was incessant, and fearfully distinct. Although it had been our lot to remain so near to the scene of the great opening conflict of the war, the first Manassas, that we seemed to be sharing the fierce excitement hour by hour, and thrilled with every swaying of the tide of battle; although we had said to ourselves, after the first boom of the first cannon on that awful day, that there could never again be in our hearts an emotion so strange and wild—yet the later days in Richmond disproved our boast, and we came to know such hours of agonized expectancy, such sleepless nights and stern realities of death and suffering, as had not entered within our imaginings before.

Darkness brought a lull in the cannonading, and we slept little that night, knowing that the dawn would behold a reopening of hostilities.

What a day followed! Never had such a Sunday been known in hitherto-quiet Richmond. Intolerably long, filled with confusion, and unlike Sunday in every thing, but the service and communion for which St. Paul's was thrown open. The fire began at early dawn, and all believed that the general engagement, to decide the fate of the city, had begun. The streets were alive with officers, galloping to and fro, covered with battle-smoke and mud; men slightly wounded, limping from the field, ambulances, litters, carts, every vehicle that the city could produce, incessantly going and returning, laden with its ghastly burden; women of every rank and station hurrying about, their faces pale with emotion, but their hands strongly nerved to deeds of mercy; old men meeting the ambulances that bore their dying sons, children crying, all the day through, unto its dreary close!

The lecture-rooms of the different churches were thrown open, and crowded with ladies, sewing the rough beds, for which the surgeons were calling, as fast as fingers and machines could fly.

Toward evening, men in every stage of mutilation, living and dead, heaped together, were brought in by hundreds. Every hand was needed, and every hand responded with all its energy. For two or three days our whole time was spent in the *impromptu* hospitals, where many a friendless sufferer had been sheltered.

On Wednesday came a day of sore trial. Our young cousin R— had been missing ever since the battle, and we had been tortured with conjectures regarding his fate. Advertisements and inquiries were equally fruitless, and, not content with the register-books, we searched the different hospitals.

The heat was intense, the sun pouring down upon the brick pavements, uncooled for days, until our feet and heads ached in common, as we walked through the lower part of the city, gaining admission to one hospital after the other, and turning away, disappointed and heart-sick, from all.

This was war indeed in all its panoply of terrors! At the St. Charles Hotel, a large, deserted building, the great, dreary rooms were thronged with patients. Wounded unto death, many of them lay upon the bare boards, with only a blanket or haversack for a pillow, alone, unwatched, in the last agony—here an arm gone; there one leg, or both; again, a great bandage, stiff with blood, covering half the face, where the dust and flies did what the enemy's balls had left undone.

Our hearts were broken with the hopelessness of it all and our own weakness. We went from one to the other, carrying water, brushing off flies, arranging the hard pillows, bending over each face with a sickening dread lest R—'s should be among them.

But it was not, thank Heaven, or in any of the hospitals, for, in a few days, the young man appeared; slightly wounded, he had been left behind, while his regiment went on, and had been unable to communicate with his friends for several days.

The condition of things in the St. Charles, and other improvised hospitals, was much improved, we were glad to learn, by the offering of pew-cushions from all the city churches, which, laid together, formed a not uncomfortable bed. All the dinner, breakfast, and supper tables, over the town, emptied their contents into baskets for the benefit of the sufferers, and rare old wines were disintombed from many a heretofore chary cellar.

Again, on the 27th of June, Richmond knew a day of unwonted stir. The seven-days' fight before her gates had begun. All during the day every point commanding a view in the direction of the battle was crowded with would-be lookers-on; hill-sides and house-tops were a mass of eager, awe-stricken people, and, far into the night, they kept vigil, watching the fiery flight of the bomb, and listening to the sullen roar of the cannon.

A sad and weary season was that for the beleaguered city. From the front, almost daily, were brought back her sons, dead or

wounded. Every house was thrown open, and dedicated to scenes of suffering. Hourly, almost, a long, wailing dirge from some military band, announced the passage of an officer's funeral through the streets; and, indeed, so crowded with this sad work were the churches and cemeteries during the day, that several funerals took place at night, and the July moon looked down on many a solemn pageant within the boundaries of lovely Hollywood. Who could number those unhonored funerals outside the walls of Richmond, where the hard-fought battle-fields were scarred with graves of friend and foe "in one red burial blent?"

Let us deal with brighter things. And, even after those gloomy days, Richmond had brighter things to boast of. The winter of '63 was perhaps the gayest period of the entire war. Strange, that while we were in daily increasing need of luxuries, even of things necessary, society should have gone so feverishly into balls, theatricals, reviews, and camp picnics. Shut in as we were from the outer world, gaining all our news of science, literature, art, and fashion, through the medium of occasional Northern and English journals, per underground express, we seemed to find relief in meeting together and making light of hardships.

Now began the reign of expedients. Petty shifts, under the halo of patriotic self-denial, became things to laugh over in households distinguished of old for luxurious hospitality. Numbers of stately matrons and shrinking young girls were glad of situations as clerks in the different governmental departments, where they met together every day, from nine to three, coming home to a dinner of salt pork, eggs (in parenthesis, did we not learn the five hundred different methods of cooking an egg?), potatoes, and bread. Sometimes there was a pie of dried fruit, or a cake with sorghum molasses taking the place of sugar, minced dried peaches, in place of citron, dried apples trying very hard to metamorphose themselves into raisins, every thing, in short, contriving "a double debt to pay" in our meagre store-rooms.

Ladies plaited straw-hats around the evening lamps; sewed gloves of chamois-skin, and shoes of cloth. Pins, at one time, became so scarce that we began to dream of a bucolic state of existence, when we should use "thorns plucked from the May-bush."

The dress problem was, confessedly, very trying. Homespun, jauntily made, served very well for morning purposes, but in the evening entertainments something more was needed. The treatment of a silk dress, in those days, was very much such a one as the North-countrywoman in "The Doctor" suggested to her "tallor:—"

"Tak me this petcut; thoo mun bind it, and tap bind it, and turn it rangside up, tapside down, hind part forrid."

In this strait was inaugurated the "Ladies' Exchange," and a remarkable affair it was, kept by a mulatto-woman, in whose hands were deposited all kinds of finery, under strict seal of secrecy, to be sold, or exchanged for something else. The interior of that woman's little room was at once a comical sight, and a sad one. Hanging upon

cords and hooks, heaped upon the tables, was every variety of garment, in rich and simple fabrics. State robes of velvet that had known their better days in the gilded saloons of Washington; satin and silk dresses from Parisian workshops, that had run their brief career at Newport or New York; gauzy muslins of New Orleans; rare lace, from which it must have cost its fair owner many a sigh to part—each in its turn speaking for itself, and telling its tale as the plausible vender would have been at a loss to do.

Once a week were held the "Starvation Parties," which became such an important item in Richmond social life. A small subscription from the male members secured good music for the season; the ladies successively opening their houses, and everybody agreeing to dispense with the material consideration of wines and supper. This "Starvation Club" grew in popularity, and numerous applications were made to admit new members, while all the distinguished visitors to the capital were formally presented for invitation. It was not uncommon to see the leader of the German refreshing himself behind the door, in the gentleman's dressing-room, with a biscuit, or a young gentleman and his fair *dansseuse* enjoying an orange together in a secluded piazza, in the pauses of a waltz.

We had very little of theatre-going in Richmond. It was never popular in the town since the horrors enacted long ago on the site of the present Monumental Church. The best people rarely went to the theatre on Broad Street, where a Mr. D'Orsay Ogden presided over the legitimate drama, interspersed with negro minstrelsy and jokes of the period. So that society grasped at a substitute, and had charades, pantomimes, and *tableaux*, to which every one contributed cast-off millinery, and where many a military hero shone in borrowed glories upon a contracted stage.

Marketing, in those days, became rather a farce. Butcher's meat was scarce, and dear almost beyond ordinary means, save as an unusual treat. The blue-backs of Confederate money grew alarmingly plentiful, and secured for us less and less.

Early in the annals of Confederate States currency, there had been a brief period of individual notes, promptly suppressed by the government; and a pious, church-going matron was confronted by a document like this, turning up in her porte-monnaie: "Good for one drink, John Smith."

In the matter of letter-paper, we, who had been wont to pride ourselves on the dainty lavender or cream-laid sheets of *Gimbride*, monogrammed and crested, felt it to be a severe blow, when all that we could procure was a species of paper jaundiced in hue, coarse in texture, and envelops of wall or wrapping-paper to correspond.

But I find myself transgressing the limits of my space, in reviving these odds and ends of war experience. Already, in the years that have elapsed, that time and its surroundings seem curiously remote, and clothe themselves in the garb of respectable antiquity. Let us pray that, for generations to come, in our land, they may never know renewal!

C. C. HARRISON.

## LUNATICS AT LARGE.

HOW THE INSANE ARE TREATED AT GHEEL.

THE traveller in Belgium will find it worth his while to stop at the little town of Gheel. Situated amid the desolate plains of the Campine, the place has few such attractions as ordinarily interest the tourist; for, with the exception of that quaint, Dutch-toy-like appearance which marks all Flemish villages, it is singularly destitute of agreeable features. The straggling streets of commonplace, and dirty buildings, surrounded by heaps of rubbish, detract from the pleasing effect of the bits of greenery scattered here and there; and even the village common has an unkempt, dreary look, which contrasts strangely with the bright and cheery aspect of this familiar feature in English country-towns. Nor do the inhabitants appear much better than their surroundings. They are a plain, honest, hard-working people, without any pretensions to personal attractiveness; and the squalid poverty of the lower classes is not relieved by the unconscious taste with which an Italian peasant makes even his dirt picturesque.

Yet this sleepy old town, whose two ancient churches and venerable "Gast-Huis" seem at first sight to be its only agreeable features, has a deeper interest for the lover of his kind than many more pretentious places, while the people prove on acquaintance to be by no means uninteresting. Gheel, indeed, has become famous as a place for the treatment of the insane, where they are allowed a degree of liberty such as is enjoyed nowhere else, and where the absence of the usual restraints has been attended with singularly beneficial effects. In fact, it is and has been for centuries a retreat for the victims of mental disease, who, instead of being herded in hospitals, and denied the ordinary privileges of humanity, are allowed to go about the streets with almost as much freedom as the other inhabitants. And these rough-looking people, who form the same part of the population, devote themselves to the care of their unfortunate fellow-beings with remarkable gentleness, delicacy, and tact. They receive the lunatics into their families, treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration, and thus inspire a sense of gratitude and self-respect in the poor creatures, which is extremely favorable to their enjoyment of life.

There are more than eight hundred insane persons living in Gheel and its suburbs, comprising individuals of the most diverse natures and degrees of mental alienation, who move about without any perceptible restraint in the midst of the ten thousand people composing the rest of the population. The lunatics are divided into two classes, termed respectively *Pensionnaires Internes* and *Pensionnaires Externes*. The former are patients of various degrees of mental disorder, who, whether curable or incurable, are considered well-behaved and harmless. They are placed with *nourriciers*, or heads of houses, within the village of Gheel. The latter are persons who have been ascertained to be epileptic or difficult to manage, and are denominated "dangerous." They are quartered upon *nourriciers* in the

hamlets surrounding Gheel. These hamlets, again, are divided into four zones at different distances from the village, the first and nearest to it being devoted to those insane persons whose moral and physical condition requires special and constant vigilance; the second, somewhat farther off, receives the imbecile, the idiotic, violent maniacs, and paralytics; the third, selected because of the absence of open or running water in or about it, is appropriated to epileptics; while the fourth, composing the most distant localities, contains the most desperate cases. The latter, being violent and dangerous, are quartered on the small farms scattered over the vast heath of Winkelomshede, and are thus prevented from disturbing the other patients, and are themselves controlled without much difficulty. In fact, the method of mildness works so well at Gheel that coercion is seldom resorted to, and even then in a gentle way. Instead of confining the violent patients in a strait-waistcoat, a belt called the *ceinture à bracelets mobile* is used. This belt is of leather, with small chains, which are attached to softly-padded bracelets on the arms of the lunatic, so as to allow of the use but not the abuse of the hands. The apparatus is so arranged that the clothes almost conceal it from view. An ingenious contrivance for preventing the escape of persons thus disposed, consists of a pair of anklets softly padded and covered with washed leather, and connected by a light but strong steel chain about a foot and a half long. With this restriction the patient goes about as usual; and the fact that, with so many lunatics at large, only three casualties have taken place in four years, speaks volumes in favor of this unobtrusive discipline.

The diet of the patients, which is simple and wholesome, is at all times under the supervision of the medical staff. They regard the cures that take place as resulting from the peaceful, out-door life led here, rather than from their strictly professional remedies. Great care is taken by the superintendent in the selection of the *nourriciers*, with whom the different patients are placed, and to associate those of the latter, who understand the same language and possess the same tastes. As a general rule, no *nourricier* is allowed to receive more than two boarders. Patients familiar with a particular trade or occupation are, if they desire, placed under the charge of persons engaged in the same pursuit, and, when instruction is needed, the lunatic is consulted as to the kind of employment preferred. To interest patients in their work, various recompenses have been devised. Money is paid to such as prefer it in proportion to the value of their labor, while those who are ignorant of its uses are rewarded with tobacco, snuff, sugar, eggs, beer, or cakes. An incentive to good behavior is afforded by the privilege, which is highly prized by the females, of choice of the clothes provided for them, and the merits of fabrics and garments, forms and colors, are then eagerly discussed.

In order to divert their attention from themselves, various amusements are provided for the insane at Gheel. Sometimes they make up parties, take long walks into the country, carrying their dinner with them, and entering into the spirit of these informal pic-

nics. They also accompany their *nourriciers* on visits to the neighboring farms; and at family festivals or other domestic entertainments the lunatic inmate makes merry with the rest. Public processions, games, concerts, dances, and religious ceremonies, are participated in by such of the patients as are adapted for them. In the *cafés* and *estaminets* of the town, insane persons may be seen reading the papers, playing at cards, dominos, or billiards, or even trying their skill at archery, without attracting particular attention from other visitors. Of course, only those whose condition makes it prudent to allow them such privileges visit these places; and the public-house keepers are liable to heavy penalties if they permit their insane customers to indulge to excess in drink.

All patients brought to Gheel enter a sort of probationary institution, where their cases are thoroughly studied by the medical staff, in order to determine the proper place for them in the colony. This is divided into six districts, each of which is presided over by a *garde de section*, who, during the day, visits every house and sees every patient in his department, and at night makes a report to the head doctor. Should any patient prove on examination at the "Asile," or probationary institution, to require special medical care, he is kept there as long as is deemed necessary by the physicians.

As there are more than six hundred houses that receive patients, it is easy for the doctors to assign new cases to those best adapted for their treatment, most of the *nourriciers* having long had charge of special forms of mental disease, and acquired skill in their management. The expense of the support of a lunatic at Gheel depends upon the means of his friends. Between the lowest sum—two hundred francs a year, which is paid by the parish for the care of paupers—and two thousand francs, which is the highest figure, there are prices proportioned to the comforts or luxuries furnished. The wealthiest patient finds in some of the houses accommodations suited to his taste and position; being provided with a liberal table, well-furnished rooms, constant attendance, large gardens and gymnasiums, and horses and carriages, while the poorest is supplied with whatever his humble *nourricier* can afford. He is, indeed, even better treated than the members of the family, the latter giving him their share of any little dainty that they may happen to have, and showing, in various ways, the utmost kindness for their afflicted boarders.

The children, too, many of whom have grown up under the same roof with the insane, are singularly considerate in their conduct toward these unfortunates, and some touching instances have occurred of their mutual sympathy and affection. Instead of injuring the helpless little ones, the lunatics treat them with great tenderness; and it is a curious fact that, if a patient suddenly becomes violent and unmanageable, and all other means of quieting him fail, the presence of a little child will often have the desired effect. The following circumstance, which occurred a few years ago, strikingly illustrates the truth of this remark: On visiting one of the patients who was subject to occasional attacks of fren-



zy, the doctor, anticipating a crisis, requested the woman with whom the lunatic boarded to watch him closely, and not allow him to be left alone. The latter vainly attempted to elude her vigilance, and his irritation rose to fury, when, as a last resort, she sat down with her infant in her lap in front of the door. Seizing a pair of huge tailor's shears he threatened to split her skull if she did not immediately get out of the way. With great presence of mind—the result, doubtless, of long familiarity with the most dangerous forms of mental diseases—she rose from her seat and advanced toward him with the child in her arms between her and the weapon. This caused him to move back till he reached a low chair at the farther end of the room. In this he sat down, but hardly had he done so, than the woman threw the child into his lap, and, taking advantage of his surprise, ran to the door, and, leaving the room, fastened it on the outside. The babe, frightened by the sudden shock, screamed violently, to the consternation of the maniac, whose thoughts were thus drawn from himself, and instead of injuring the child he was heard through the door attempting to pacify it. But the nervous excitement occasioned by her desperate expedient, proved too much for the mother, who fell to the floor in a fainting-fit, from which she was roused by those reassuring sounds. "It is all well," she faltered; "let no one approach him, and fetch the doctor." When the latter arrived, the door was opened, and the maniac was found petting the child, which was perfectly calm and contented.

The method adopted at Gheel of humoring instead of combating the eccentricities of the insane, has proved singularly beneficial. On finding that his wishes are not thwarted, the lunatic is less disposed to indulge in freaks, the folly of which is gently pointed out to him.

As the articles within his reach are usually of trifling value, this is an inexpensive way of curing his mischievous propensities, and in most of those cases where greater damage has been done, the regret of the patient at causing annoyance to persons who had always been kind to him, has led to a discontinuance of the habit. Reliance on these moral agencies has proved efficacious in cases which at other places had been unsuccessfully treated by restrictions and punishments. Several interesting instances of recent occurrence, confirm the reasonableness of this system. One of them is that of a young lady who, before coming to Gheel, had been confined for two years in a lunatic asylum, where she was severely reprimanded, and even punished, for indulgence in those destructive propensities. On arriving there with this disposition in full force, a marked improvement was soon manifest, and, although unable to control herself entirely, she would, of her own accord, when this mood was coming on, select a rag or some other worthless thing as the object of her attack.

Another patient, an Englishman, who was at Gheel two years ago, among other expensive and disagreeable habits, was bent upon breaking windows, and after remaining four years under a system of restraint and coer-

cion in a private asylum in England, where he grew worse daily, the physician of the institution was unwilling to keep him any longer. He was then sent to Gheel, where, on the day of his arrival, he broke twenty-eight panes of glass. The vindictive enjoyment which he seemed to take in this feat, turned to mortification when he found that no notice was taken of it. On the following day he contented himself with breaking about half as many. And again nothing was said or done about it. From that time he abandoned the amusement entirely, and glass has been safe from him for years, though he continues troublesome in other ways.

In a register kept at the institution, all circumstances relating to the insane are entered, so that relatives or friends can learn on inquiry, either in person or by letter, all particulars concerning present or former patients. The author of "Flemish Interiors," whose description of Gheel has been referred to in this article, while on his way to the "Asile," asked an elderly man of the lower class, whom he met on the road, how to find Dr. Bulckens, the principal of the establishment.

"Dr. Bulckens?" was the immediate reply; "I am Dr. Bulckens. What may be your pleasure?"

The visitor was so surprised by this answer, that he hardly knew how to take it; but, being unacquainted with the temper of his informant, who had a remarkably cunning expression, he thought it best to humor him, and said:

"Good-morning, Dr. Bulckens. I am very happy to make your acquaintance. I want you to conduct me to your establishment, which I came here to visit."

The man was evidently puzzled by this greeting, but was not anxious to lead the way to the asylum, and after a moment's hesitation coolly replied:

"If you want 'my' establishment, you are quite on the wrong road; it is this way; follow me."

He then pointed in the direction by which the visitor had come. The latter, curious to see how the lunatic's freak would end, turned back with him, but they had not proceeded far before they were met by an official-looking personage who proved to be a *garde de section*. On catching sight of him the insane man rapidly disappeared down a turn in the road, to the great amusement of his companion. It appeared from the explanation of the *garde* that the poor fellow's peculiar mania was to deceive strangers by personating other people, and that, not long before, he tried to pass himself off as the burgomaster upon a mounted curassier who was riding into the town with a dispatch for that functionary.

A great variety of trades are pursued by the patients. Shoemakers, cabinet-makers, joiners, tailors, blacksmiths, etc., may be seen working at their respective crafts, some of them having acquired here the knowledge and skill which are shown in the various specimens of their handiwork. Others engage in agricultural occupations, and, in fact, a large proportion of the laborers in the fields are lunatics or epileptics, this kind of work in the opinion of the medical staff be-

ing especially adapted to their needs. Although constantly using scythes, sickles, shears, bill-hooks, spades, hoes, and other dangerous implements, no injurious consequences have ensued.

Those persons whose tastes or conditions unfit them for severe manual labor, engage in more congenial occupations. Some of them are very expert fishermen, handling the rod or net with a skill which might be envied by sane disciples of Izaak Walton. One of the former patients was a corn-cutter, who had great success in the village of Gheel, where he exercised his vocation. Another is a clever herbalist, and has made himself useful to the druggists. The monomania of one individual, which consists in the belief that he is an electrical machine, does not prevent him from being a skillful bird-catcher. This accomplishment he turns to good account, selling specimens of his numerous collection of curious birds, and thus doing a profitable business without any outlay of capital. It is curious to observe the confidence reposed in those patients who act as *commissionnaires*. Besides carrying messages and parcels, they make purchases for their employers, bringing back the proper change, and showing a childish vanity at being thought worthy of these trusts.

In addition to their labors in the field, the women attend to ordinary household work, look after the children, sweep, dust, prepare the vegetables, and assist in culinary matters generally. They also sew, knit, and make embroidery and pillow-lace.

The interest taken by most of the patients in religious observances has proved extremely favorable to the amelioration of their condition. Under the mild instruction of the village priest they recite prayers, say their rosaries, and sing canticles and hymns, and, what is better, are influenced in their daily conduct by the precepts thus instilled into their minds. It is a suggestive fact that many patients, subject to attacks of temporary excitement, will, when they feel them coming on, voluntarily wander away into the fields or woods, so as not to humiliate themselves and annoy others by exhibitions of violence.

This shows that the sentiment of self-respect is fostered by the sympathizing care of their guardians, whose kindness they endeavor to reciprocate. In one instance, a young lunatic who was fond of playing on the violin, on learning that the noise worried the mistress of the house, who was ill, not only gave up the amusement, but destroyed his instrument, lest the temptation to use it should be too strong for him. Music, it may be added, forms a favorite pastime of the insane at Gheel. Some of the patients play with taste and feeling on the pianos, harps, and other musical instruments in the better houses, and perform at meetings of the *Société d'Harmonie*, of which they are members. Others exhibit skill in drawing, painting, and embroidery. Reading of books, the cultivation of flowers, and participation in charades, private theatricals, and similar amusements, make the time of many of these unfortunates pass pleasantly away.

The success of the system pursued at

Gheel is, doubtless, largely owing to the peculiar aptitude and self-sacrificing devotion of the simple-minded *nourriciers*. But the great lesson which it teaches is the efficiency of moral agencies in the treatment of mental disease. It is the consciousness of being under restraint, and not severity of discipline, that embitters the lives of so many inmates of lunatic asylums.

To make watchfulness sympathetic rather than formal, to impart something of the cheerfulness of home to the abodes of the insane, and by an amiable artifice to make them feel at liberty even while under vigilant supervision, should be the object of scientific philanthropists. By diverting the attention of patients from themselves, exciting their interest in the ordinary pursuits and amusements of life, and so far as possible dispensing with bolts, bars, and other means of confinement—thus exchanging the wards of the hospital for the open air and sunshine of the fields—the most desirable results will be attained.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

## LYRA.

**S**LOWLY approaching the meridian on these soft summer evenings may be seen the most brilliant star of the Northern Hemisphere. This star, of the first magnitude, "blazing with imperial lustre," is Vega, or, as it is more frequently called, Lyra, from the name of the constellation of which it is the gem and crown. It may be easily traced in the northeastern sky by means of two small but conspicuous stars of the fifth magnitude, two degrees apart, on the east of it, making with it a triangle whose angular point is at Lyra. Its distance from the earth is about eight hundred thousand times greater than ours is from the sun, but, far away as it seems, it is one of our nearest celestial neighbors. Its primary brilliancy is about three and a half times greater than that of the sun, and it takes its light twenty-one years to reach us.

The constellation Lyra, or the Harp, to which this star belongs, contains only twenty-one stars. Lyra, or Vega, Epsilon and Zeta, the two stars east of it, Delta in the middle, and Beta and Gamma, in the garland of the Harp, are all that, to the ordinary observer, are large enough to attract attention. But, examined with the telescope, this little space in the heavens gives a rich harvest of the revelations of astronomy.

Let us first observe Lyra. Seen through the telescope, it is a brilliant orb of bluish-white light, with prismatic rays darting in all directions; a globe of fire sharply defined against the dark background of the sky. In an ordinary telescope Lyra appears as a single star, but, with a large object-glass, two distant, small companions are seen. A nine-inch glass shows two small companions within a few seconds, and the great Harvard refractor reveals no less than thirty-five companions. Now turn the glass to Epsilon, to the right of Lyra, and one of the stars forming the triangle. First let the star be closely examined with the naked eye. It is called a

"naked-eye double," and, if the observer possesses exceptionally good eyesight, he will distinctly recognize its double form. But, more probably, it will appear slightly lengthened to the north and south. Sir William Herschel saw this star as a double several times, and Bessel relates that he saw it double when he was thirteen years old. Now apply a low power of the telescope, and it will be seen as a wide double, the components being white. But we have not exhausted the wonders of this tiny star. Examine the components with a powerful telescope, and each one is itself double, one separating into two stars, whose colors are red and yellow, and the other into two, whose colors are both white. Now let us take Zeta, the third star of the triangle. This is a splendid and easy double, whose components are topaz and green. Four other stars of this group are also double or multiple stars. Next turn the telescope to Beta, and we have one of the most remarkable variable stars known. Its period is twelve days and twenty-one hours; and in this time it passes from a maximum brilliancy of a star of the third magnitude to a minimum lustre of a star of the fourth magnitude, and then, repeating the same maximum with a more brilliant minimum, the cycle of changes recommences. The revolution of two unequal dark satellites seems to be the only explanation of these strange phenomena. Once more examine carefully the space between Beta and Gamma, and there comes into view one of the rarest objects in the Northern Hemisphere. It is an annular nebula, a ring of misty light, mysterious star-dust. This nebula was discovered in 1772 by Darquier, of Toulouse. It is seen as a ring of light, with an apparent diameter as large as the moon, with moderate telescopic power. In a three and a half inch telescope it exhibits a mottled appearance and a sparkling light. Still larger instruments reveal light within the ring, and Lord Rosse's great telescope shows "wisps of stars" within and faint streaks of light streaming from the outer border of the ring. Mr. Huggins has subjected this nebula to spectrum analysis, and it turns out to be a gaseous nebula, its line-spectrum developing the probability that the faint, nebulous matter in the centre is similar in constitution to that of the ring.

But the variable light of Beta, the quadruple and radiant Epsilon, and the annular nebula, do not throw around this constellation the fascinating charm which is imparted to it from the fact that, twelve thousand years hence, Lyra will be the polar star, the cynosure of all eyes. For, in the strange motion of the poles of the earth around those of the ecliptic causing the precession of the equinoxes, the north-pole will then point to a spot in the dark ether where Lyra hangs self-poised in space, seemingly stationary, while all other stars will be slowly moving. What will then be the condition of our earth when we and the millions who tread its surface have passed into myriad other forms, and what will be the character of the race who will occupy our places?

Stars always tell mythic stories, and Lyra was the harp on which Orpheus played with such enchanting skill that the rivers ceased

to flow, the wild beasts of the forest forgot their savage natures, and the mountains bowed their heads while they all came to listen to his song. After his death, the Lyre was placed by Jupiter among the stars.

Stars as well as flowers have a language of their own, and Lyra—perhaps its name is suggestive—is always associated with that exquisite passage in the book of Job: "When the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Celestial harmony, the music of the spheres, is no new doctrine. It was a common belief with Oriental nations, and interwoven with the golden threads of their mythic lore. To this divine music Euripides alludes: "Thee, I invoke, thou self-created being, who gave birth to Nature, and whom light and darkness and the whole train of globes encircle with eternal music." What unrivalled beauty and tenderness does he who gave expression to the mysteries of Nature, as no one else has ever done, throw around the starry choir:

"... Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Every star has been weighed and poised in space, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing, but it is infinite wisdom that guides every movement. All is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres revolving around our sun is echoed by countless millions of worlds singing, and shining as they revolve around those other suns, which like Lyra, the beautiful brilliant of the north, are the stars, tremulous with brightness, that sparkle in our evening sky.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

## THE POWER OF SONG.

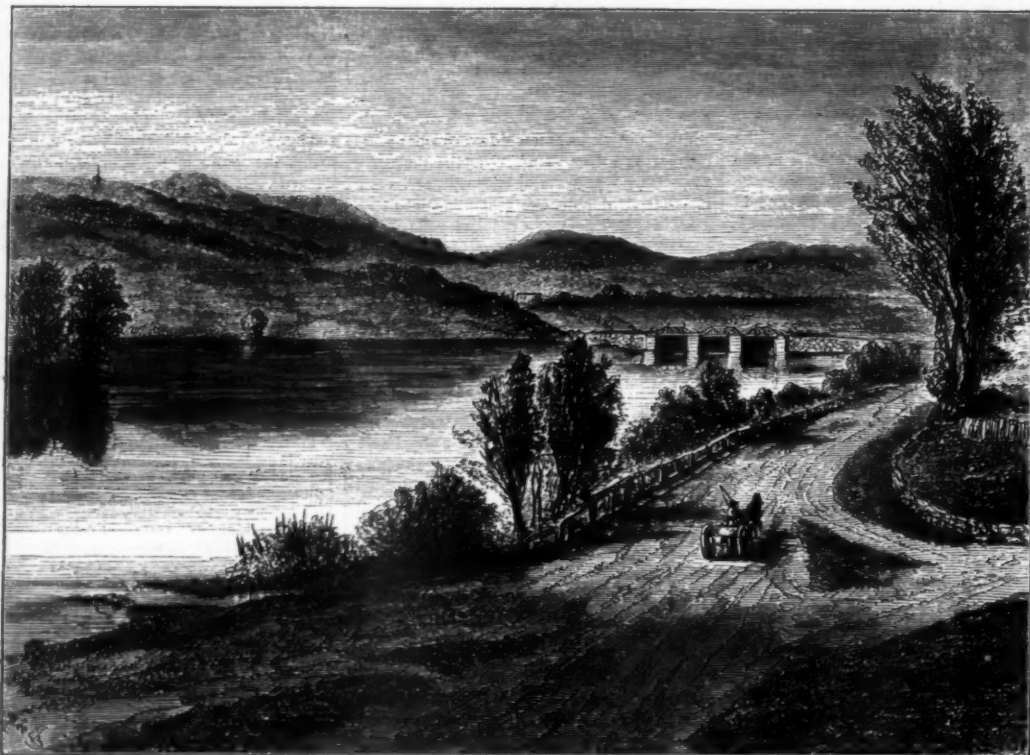
**T**HROUGH the long aisles her clear voice  
rose and rang,  
Thrilling above us to the vaulted roof,  
Dying in fretted niches far aloof;  
Borne on its wings our fancies heavenward  
spring.

The loiterer on the sunny morning leas  
Starts as a bird springs sudden at his feet;  
Hears the fresh air awake to music sweet,  
And, turning dazzled eyes above him, sees—

The brown wings flutter, hears the rippling  
notes,  
Till bird and strain both vanish in the  
blue;  
Then, from the fair world, bathed in light  
and dew,  
His silent praise up with the cadence floats.

And through the day's full hours, hot, hard,  
and long,  
The magic of sweet sounds lulls brain and  
heart,  
Haunting the court, the camp, the street,  
the mart,  
With rare faint echoes of remembered song.

## FROM CROTON TO TOWN.



CROTON LAKE.

THE water we drink, use, and waste—particularly the latter—so freely and thoughtlessly, comes to us through forty miles of aqueduct and a half-dozen miles of pipe from out of a pure, limpid lake, or series of lakes, in the midst of a quiet, picturesque, and altogether lovely country. Every New-Yorker is probably aware of these facts; but, beyond them, of the immensity and yet simplicity of the water-works, the stages of their development, and the features along the way from Croton to town, I do not believe one in a thousand knows scarcely any thing. This conclusion was reached after fruitless inquiries of ten or fifteen persons, representing entirely different classes—one a journalist, one an hotel-clerk, one a man-about-town, one an old resident, and one a city-officer, concerning the locality of the Croton Reservoir and the route of the great conduit. The world of New York seems only to know that the abundance of refreshing water which, at its bidding, flows to quench its thirst, bathe its person, cleanse its clothes, help run its machinery, and in countless other ways to add to its comfort and convenience, comes from Croton, somewhere up-country—comes from a vague, unknown place, and in a vague, unknown manner. You reader are, of course, of the minority who know every thing, but you may gain, from a jaunt with us up the Hudson River Railroad to Sing

Sing and the Reservoir, a glance down the line of the conduit to High Bridge, and a look at the reservoirs in the Central Park, some entertainment, if not a great deal of information; and you may, perhaps, for it the easier tell and show to the lamentably ignorant majority—that journalist, hotel-clerk, man-about-town, old resident, and city-officer—the wonders of the works and the beauties about them.

On the journey up we can talk of no more appropriate subject, considering the object of our trip, than that of the way the Croton works came to be constructed, and the character and shortcomings of the water supply of the great city in ante-Croton times.

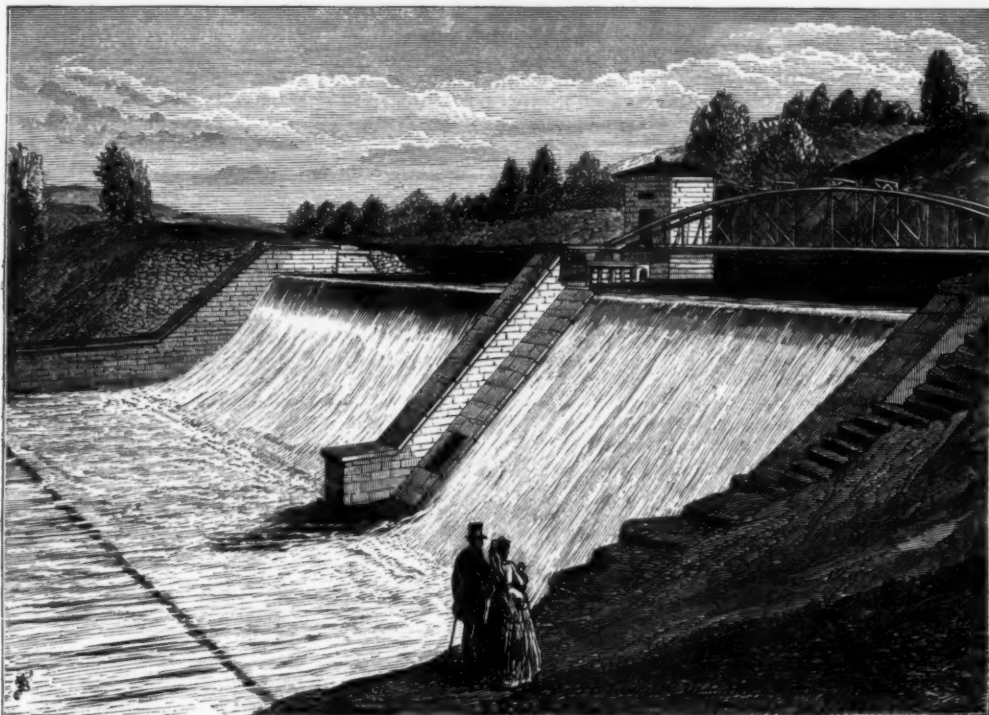
In the year 1774, when New York numbered scarcely twenty thousand inhabitants—a goodly city, indeed, but a provincial town compared with the great metropolis of to-day—the building of the first water-works was begun. The site was the then high ground to the northwest of the Kolck, or Collect Pond, long ago filled up and converted into building lots, and now occupied by that sombre castle of misery and wretchedness, the Tombs. What was at that time considered a spacious reservoir, was constructed on the east line of Broadway, between what is now known as Pearl and White Streets; and wells were sunk in the vicinity of the pond, from which the water was to be drawn and dis-

tributed throughout the compact and Dutchy city, located far below it. But the work was never finished, the war of the Revolution, which began the next year, and the consequent occupation of the city by British troops, necessitating its abandonment; and nearly a quarter of a century passed before another effort was made by either the corporation or individuals to systematically supply the city with pure water. Then a project was proposed and agitated for a while to obtain water from the main-land, by raising the Rye Ponds to a reservoir in Westchester County, the mills to be located on the Bronx River, carrying the water thus drawn to the Harlem River through an open canal, and across through an elevated iron pipe to a distributing reservoir; but, after pondering upon it another half-century, and causing some examinations to be made, the most extensive of which were between the years 1822 and 1824, by Canvas White, a prominent civil engineer of his day, resulting in a report that the ponds and river could be made to furnish a daily supply of six and a half million gallons of water, at a cost of about two million dollars—it also was finally abandoned by the city authorities.

In the mean time, however, New York was not entirely dependent upon its wells and its ancient street-pumps for the water it required from day to day quite as much as its daily

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DAM AT CROTON LAKE.

bread. A private corporation, the Manhattan Company, chartered in 1799, at the time the Rye-Ponds project was first proposed, "to supply the city with pure, wholesome water," for many years distributed in some sections, incompletely and unsatisfactorily, at first through bored logs, "an impure article," according to the official records, "containing a hundred and twenty-five grains of foreign matter in every gallon," which was pumped from wells into a reservoir, located on Chambers Street, between Broadway and Centre. It was the existence of this concern, and the repeated promises of its managers to increase its facilities and improve its waters, that prevented the city corporation from undertaking the

Rye-Ponds project; and it was its inefficiency, to a great extent, that finally drove the city authorities to action, the ultimate result of which was the works we now propose to see. Before this action, however, one more effort was made to secure the supply of water by a private corporation. In 1825 the New-York Water-works Company was incor-

porated by the Legislature. Canvas White, the engineer who had, in 1824, reported on the feasibility of the Rye-Ponds project, was appointed engineer to this company, and he proposed to draw the waters of the Bronx and its tributaries at Underhill's Bridge, pretty much in accordance with the old, much-talked-of plan. But the charter of the com-

pany proved so defective that they were unable to proceed under it; and finally, after various attempts to have it satisfactorily amended, they dissolved.

De Witt Clinton made the first examination of the route to Croton River, in compliance with a request of the Common Council of the city. He reported in favor of taking the waters of the Croton at Pine's Bridge, which he



BRIDGE AT SING SING.

stated to be one hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the Hudson, to conduct it in an open aqueduct following the line of the Croton and the Hudson Rivers, and to cross the Harlem on an arch a hundred and thirty feet high and a thousand feet long. The cost of this work he estimated at two and a half millions. Upon the strength of this the Council petitioned the Legislature to create a commission to thoroughly examine the subject. This was granted, and, their report being in favor of the Croton project, further acts were passed; and finally, after elaborate surveys and the adoption of a complete plan of work, the necessary final law was put upon the books; the people, in April, 1835, voted on the question of "water" or "no water," seventeen thousand three hundred and thirty for, and five thousand nine hundred and sixty-three against; the work was at once begun; and on the 4th of July, 1842, the water was admitted into the city with great show and ceremony.

So much for early history. Now for statistics of the present works, so that their magnitude may be realized, and what we may see appreciated.

If you can speak the "open sesame," by which only admission can be gained to the

lofty and airy workroom of Mr. Tracy, the chief-engineer of the works, on the tip-top of the down-town building of the Department of Public Works, where he retreats at odd hours of the day, when in the city, from the many besetting inquirers who invariably find their

crosses the Harlem Valley and the river, the water thus brought is conveyed in immense iron pipes, so huge that a very tall man can stand erect within them. Then the aqueduct of masonry is resumed and continued a couple of miles to the termination

way to his office, you can see the plans of the work in detail, and trace on the map the course of the aqueduct. Thus you will see that it begins six miles above the mouth of the Croton River, where a dam elevates the water of the river forty feet, or a hundred and sixty-six feet above mean tide; passes along the valley of the Croton to near its mouth, and thence into the valley of the Hudson; goes through the villages of Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Dobbs's Ferry, Hastings, and Yonkers; at the last leaves the bank of the Hudson and crosses the valley of Sawmill River and Tibbets's Brook; thence runs along the side of the ridge that bounds the southerly side of Tibbets's-Brook Valley to within three and a half miles of the Harlem River, where the high grounds of the Hudson fall away; and passes, in consequence, over the summit lying between the Hudson and East River to the Harlem and the great High Bridge. Over the bridge, which



BRIDGE AT SLEEPY HOLLOW.



ON THE WAY TO TOWN—BELOW HASTINGS.



BRIDGE OVER SAW-MILL RIVER, YONKERS.

of the high ground on the north side of Manhattan valley, where it again gives place to iron pipes which descend into the bottom of the valley, a hundred and two feet below the aqueduct level, and rise to the proper point on the opposite side. Thence the masonry conduit proceeds to the receiving reservoirs in Central Park.

Now we are at Sing Sing. We leave the train gladly, for the ride has been hot, dirty, and generally uninteresting, and take a carriage, or breezy road-wagon, for we have eight miles or so of country to cross and steep hills to climb, after making the best terms possible (which will, however we may bargain, be against us) with the most honest appearing of the village Jehus, who are almost as shrewd a set as their world-renowned brothers-in-trade of the great city. We must so arrange our route as to see the works over the Sing-Sing Kill, and get the most frequent sights of the aqueduct-line, for nowhere else can we obtain a better idea of its "stupendous bigness." The Sing-Sing Kill, where it crosses the line of the aqueduct, runs in a deep and narrow gulf, the bottom of which is sixty-three feet below the grade line. The aqueduct bridge, which covers this gulf, is immense. Near the north end of the valley that spreads out from this is a road, culvert, or arched viaduct, under the conduit. The principal work here is the large arch directly over the gulf. It is eighty-eight feet span, and thirty-three feet rise, a massive work of stone. The eight miles compassed, we reach the reservoir, and see around and about us pictures of quiet country life, bits of pretty landscape, and picturesque hills and vales; and we taste the sweet country air, and sniff the pleasant country scents.

This reservoir covers about four hundred acres, and has a storage capacity of about five hundred million gallons above a level that will allow the aqueduct to deliver thirty-five million gallons per day. The new re-

ceiving reservoirs in the Central Park have a capacity of about one thousand million gallons; the old reservoirs about a hundred and fifty million gallons; and the distributing reservoir on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, about twenty million gallons. Large wells these, but none too large for the needs or desires of the big family that draws from them, as you will readily comprehend when I tell you that, in October, 1869, all of this available supply was practically exhausted, and the only remaining source was the small amount which was running in Croton River, and which probably did not exceed twenty-seven million gallons a day. Since then the lakes, varying in size from fifty to five hundred acres, at or near the sources of many of the tributaries of the Croton, which have their rise principally in Westchester and Putnam Counties—though some of the smaller rise in Dutchess County and within the State of Connecticut—have been drawn down; and the construction of a new and huge storage reservoir, at a point known as Boyd's Corner, in the town of Kent, Putnam County, has

been begun. We are now drinking, using, and wasting, about eighty-five million gallons of water every twenty-four hours—a vast deal more than those who were before us drank at the time the works of the Manhattan Company were put in operation, when water from the celebrated "Tea-water Pump," which for years stood on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets, was purchased at a penny a gallon from the vendors who went about the town in carts, and sparingly used as no common luxury.

The dam sets the river back about five miles. The water is conducted to a gateway located on solid rock, to the head of the aqueduct on the southern shore, by a tunnel cut a hundred and eighty feet through rock. The gate-chamber is provided with a double set of gates; one set of guard-gates of cast-iron, set in cast-iron frames, and one set of regulating-gates, made of gun-metal, set in frames of the same material. There are nine gates in each set, and all are simply operated by means of wrought-iron screw-rods. In the north abutment of the dam there is a waste-culvert with suitable gates of cast-iron to draw the water down in the reservoir whenever necessary.

The general formation of the country through which the aqueduct passes is extremely irregular, and consequently, in its construction, there was of necessity much deep cutting, frequent tunnelling through ridges, and heavy filling in deep ravines. There are on the line sixteen tunnels, varying in length from a hundred and sixty to over twelve hundred feet, and making an aggregate length of nearly seven thousand feet; and the height of the ridges, above the grade-level at the tunnels, ranges from twenty-five to seventy-five feet. In Westchester County twenty-five streams cross the line of the aqueduct, which are from twelve to seventy feet below the grade line, and from twenty-five to eighty-three feet below the top covering of the aqueduct. The most

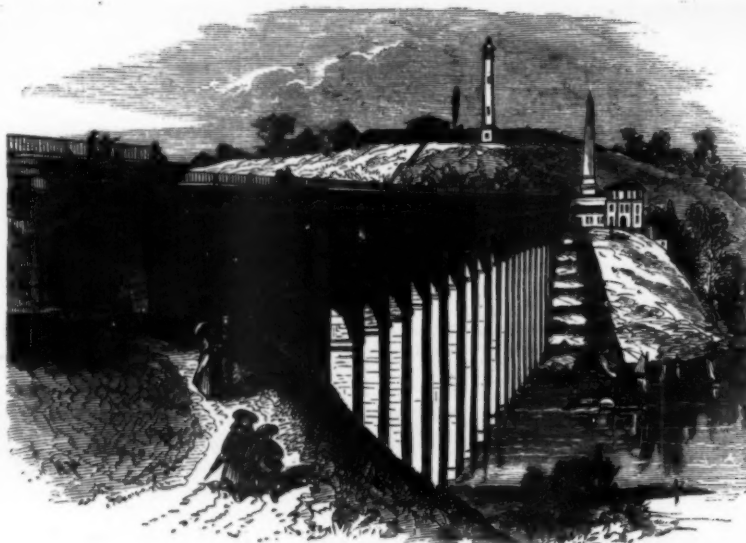


VENTILATOR.



prominent of the valleys are Lounsberry's, Indian Brook, Sing-Sing Kill, Mill River, Jewell's Brook, and Saw-mill River, the foundations of which are in no case less than forty feet below the grade-line, or fifty-three feet below the top covering of the aqueduct. Besides those above mentioned, there are numerous brooks and valleys, of less depth, requiring culverts and artificial foundations to support the work. The culverts number one hundred and four teen, and their aggregate length is

nearly eight thousand feet. The span varies from one and a half to twenty-five feet. There are five road-culverts of from fourteen to twenty feet span. All the culverts are of stone, laid in hydraulic cement. So you see the line is embellished at frequent intervals with massive viaducts and bridges, which render it imposing, and at times picturesque. The prettiest picture along the way is perhaps at Sleepy Hollow, and the grandest about Sing-Sing Kill, something of which we saw on the way over from the station.

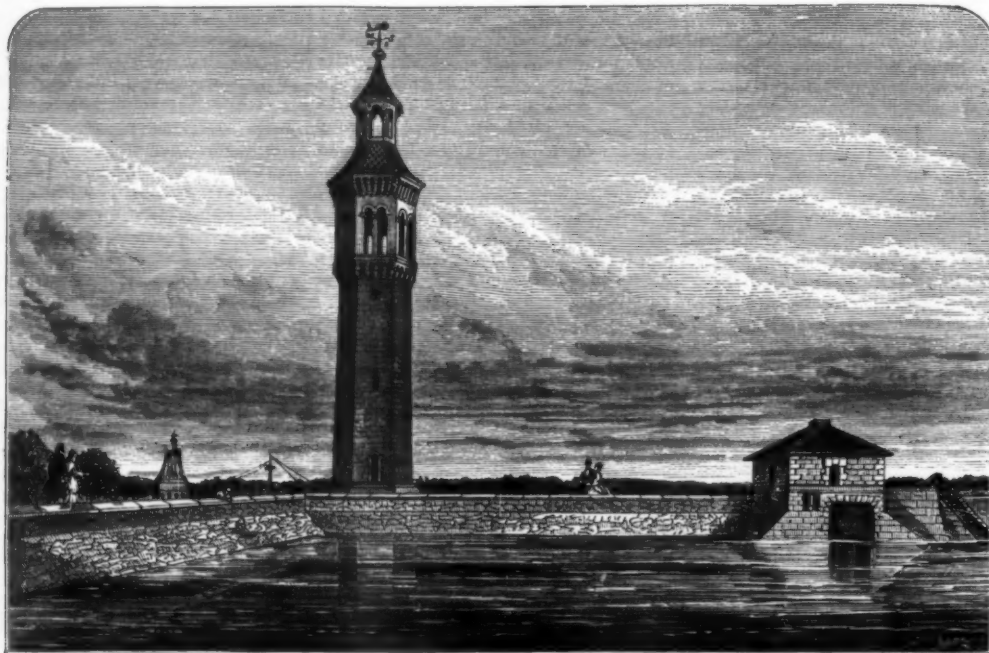


HIGH BRIDGE.

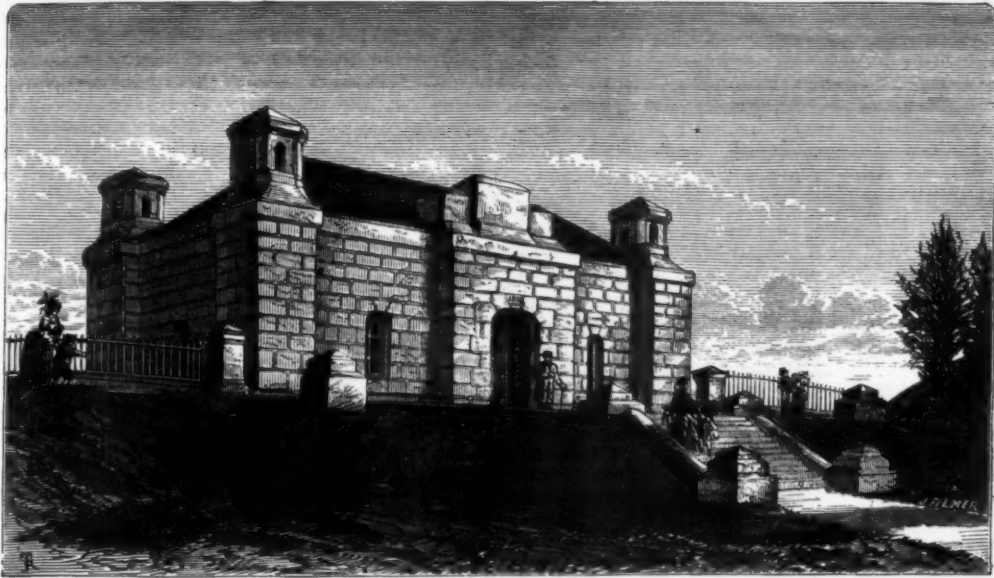
The greatest interior width of the aqueduct is seven feet five inches, and the greatest height eight feet five and a half inches. The bottom is an inverted arch; the side walls rise four feet above the spring-line, with a bevel of one inch to a foot rise, so that the width at the top is eight inches greater than at the bottom; and the roofing arch is a semi-circle. In excavations a bed of concrete masonry is made the foundation, three inches thick at the centre of the inverted arch, twelve at the spring-line, and three under the side-

lic cement, three parts of clean sand, and three parts of fine broken stone. The masonry was all laid up in hydraulic cement obtained mostly from the lime of Ulster County. The mortar for the stone-work was composed of one measure of cement to three of clean, sharp sand, and for the brick masonry and plastering between the stone-work and the inner brick facing; and, over the roofing arch, one of cement to two of sand. Every cargo of cement was tested by actual experiment after it was brought to the work, before

walls or abutments; over this bed a heavy course of plastering is laid. The inverted arch is of brick, four inches thick; the side walls are of rubble-stone, two feet eight inches thick at the spring-line of the inverted arch, and two feet at the top, and are faced with brick; and the roofing arch is of brick, eight inches thick. Spandrels of stone are carried up solid from the exterior angle of side-wall on a line that is tangent to the arch. The concrete masonry was formed by mixing one part of hydrau-



WATER TOWER, HIGH BRIDGE.



GATE-HOUSE, CENTRAL-PARK RESERVOIR.

any was allowed to be used. All this care was necessary to produce a water-proof way. In rock-tunnelling the roofing arch is dispensed with.

To give free circulation of air through the aqueduct, thirty or forty ventilators are constructed at a uniform distance of a mile. They rise fourteen feet above the surface of the ground over the aqueduct, are circular in form, slightly bevelling or tapering toward the top, and are built of stone. Ten or a dozen of them are constructed with doors that admit an easy entrance into the aqueduct. These ventilators stand out abrupt and unprotected, and at a distance very much resemble the old powder-houses erected by our grandfathers. Along the line of the aqueduct there are also six waste-weirs, so arranged as to allow the water to pass off when it rises above the proper height, with gates to draw it all off when necessary. The water from the weirs, or gates, falls into a well, and is then carried off through a culvert to the outside channel. Each weir and its appurtenances are enclosed by a stone building with a brick arched roof.

On the way back to town let us leave the train at a point as near the High Bridge as possible; take a look at the tower by the erection of which the residents of the highlands are easily supplied, and the low-

pressure engines for pumping the water from the aqueduct into the high-service reservoir constructed near by for the same purpose; and make our way down to the last point of especial interest along the works—the reservoirs in the upper section of the Central Park.

The old we need but glance at, for the new render them insignificant and unattractive. These—the new reservoirs—lie just above the old, extend from Eighty-sixth to Ninety-

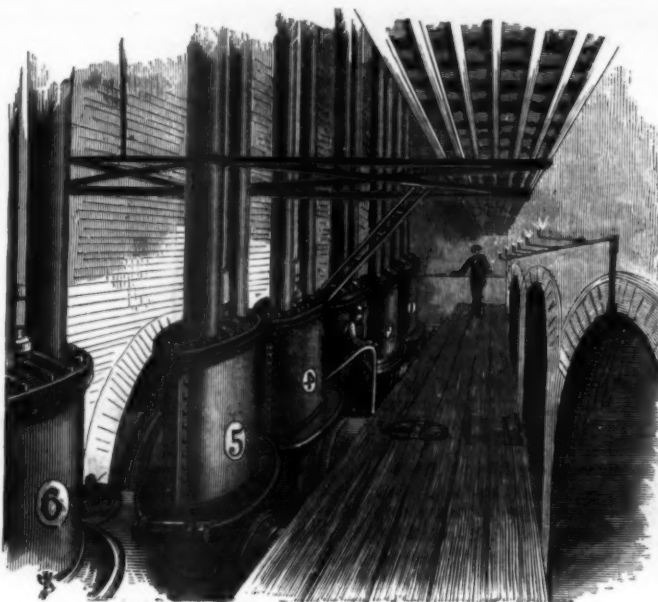
sixth Street, occupy nearly the whole width of the Park, and cover a hundred and six acres. We can walk or ride horseback, or drive around them as we please, so long as we do not push ahead too rapidly, and thus break the stringent Park rules, and give the gray-coated policemen, who here abound and are anxious to improve every opportunity to assert their petty authority, a chance to restrain our liberty. From the promenade we

get the best look. We see a vast, quiet, beautiful lake of clear water—for it happens to be a still, bright day—and notice on its edges shoals of fishes of glistening crimson, blue, and stripes of varied hues. At the north is a neat stone house, which is known as the "north gate-house," through which the water from the long conduit is received; and at the south a larger and more picturesque house of stone, called the "south gate-house," through which the waters of the reservoirs are sent down the avenues and over and about the great city. We will enter the south gate-house, as its attractions are superior to those of the stone box at the north. If we ascend from the drive-way or the walk from the lower park, we pass up a series of short flights of stone steps, along a gravel path lined with arbor-vitæ and beds of fair flowers, over a picturesque bridge, and up a



INTERIOR OF GATE-HOUSE.

final and longer stone stairway to a broad stone threshold. Entering, we think we take in every thing it contains at a glance, but we do no such thing. We see on the right and left basins of still water, enclosed by iron railings, about fifty by twenty feet; beyond, parallel with them, rows of large breaks with up-right screw-rods; at the entrance an opening for a stairway leading somewhere below; and at the rear a prison-like door, which, being swung open, admits us to a little balcony hanging over the great lake, from which we look over the beautiful, transparent water to the north gate-house on the opposite side, and note a granite way from one house to the other, a few feet below the surface of the water, which, we are told by a one-armed officer in charge of the house, who volunteers as our guide, divides the reservoirs. "By these breaks," says the officer, directing us back into the house, "we open and shut the gates to the great pipes below which supply the city. The work is simple and easy. The break turns this screw, and so easily that a child can operate it," and, so saying, the officer with two fingers of his one hand pulls the break forward and pushes it backward without the slightest effort. The screw, above the break, is boxed, and kept as bright and clean as a careful housewife's silver. Before each gate is a wire sieve through which the water flows, leaving behind the bulk of the impurities it has gathered, and those shoals of glistening fishes we have caught sight of. "These bays," pointing to the enclosed basins of still water, "are for service when either one or the other reservoirs is drawn off. An arch between them allows the water to run from one to the other, and thus all the pipes are fed from one reservoir. Now, we will go below and see the pipes." And following him we soon find our mistake in supposing, when we entered the little stone building and looked about us, that we were "taking in every



VALVE APPARATUS, BENEATH SOUTH GATE-HOUSE, CENTRAL PARK.

thing at a glance." We descend a circular iron stairway into a well forty or fifty feet deep, from the bottom of which great chambers extend into the earth, lined with huge white pipes, over which there are narrow walks. To the right and left, at the entrance to the chambers, are rows of machines numbered with huge figures. "These are the valve apparatus, the stopcocks," says our guide, leading us up to a platform, and lighting the gas as he goes before us, preventing thereby our destruction by reason of a false step, which we must surely take if we grope in the dark. "They work in the

city. The farthest is the Fourth Avenue; this on which you stand is the Third Avenue; that is the east Fifth Avenue; and so on. Others go down to the Murray-Hill Reservoir, and others to the west side. There are openings, or gates, all along the lines, by which the pipes can at any moment, and at almost any point, be cleaned or repaired, so that no stoppage of any magnitude can possibly occur."

And so the water is brought from Croton and distributed about town. Any child can understand the way in which it is brought, and the manner of its distribution. "The

works are simple enough," said the one-armed guide at the Central Park Reservoirs, "but it took a mighty big brain to think 'em out." And so it did.

It is now foreseen that the supply of water from the Croton will soon be insufficient to supply the needs of our rapidly-increasing city. It will be necessary to tap other water-courses in Putnam County, which abounds with springs and lakes, or possibly divert the Bronx to our uses. The need of an increased supply has led some people to ambitiously suggest the bringing of the far-off Lake George, by aqueducts, to our city; but this is at present only a visionary scheme.



DISTRIBUTING PIPES, GATE-HOUSE.



## TABLE-TALK.

THE death of CHARLES LEVER leaves but three of the famous band of novelists who illustrated the earlier years of Victoria's reign, still in the land of the living—Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, and Ainsworth. The quarter of a century between 1830 and 1855, may be noted as a period of renaissance in English fiction, and, among the romancers who appeared within its range, G. P. R. James and William Harrison Ainsworth alone are to be classed as imitators of the great novelist of the preceding era, Sir Walter Scott. Bulwer, and Disraeli, Dickens, and Thackeray, and Lever, each founded new schools and types of fiction; each was, in a manner, an originator—a subjective creator of character and style. A biographical sketch of Lever, whose death is just announced as having occurred at Trieste, appeared in the JOURNAL for December 31, 1870, wherein his somewhat checkered and interesting career as a writer, physician, and official, was briefly traced. Lever was as truly the originator of a department of fiction as was Dickens or Thackeray; and that the field which he occupied was one well worth cultivating, is proved by the host of imitators who immediately sprang up after the appearance of "Charles O'Malley." In some respects, several of Lever's imitators displayed as much talent as the creator of the irrepressible Irish dragoon himself: Lover, and Cockton, and Smedley, produced rollicking novels as full of lively incident and ludicrous situations, if not abounding in such bubbling Irish humor, as Lever's most popular works. Lever's mission in the world was to amuse; and as "*dulce est desipere in loco*" applies as much to reading as to any other recreation, he surely had his use in a world hard driven and teeming with cares. In the repose of his Adriatic consulate, Lever continued to produce, from time to time, down to his last days, novels which had somewhat of the old titillating aroma; but it must be confessed that his later works will not for a moment bear comparison with those upon which his fame was founded. "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" and "Lord Kilgobbin" bear the same relation to "Charles O'Malley" and "Jack Hinton" that "Great Expectations" does to "David Copperfield," "Philip" to "Vanity Fair," and "A Strange Story" to "The Last Days of Pompeii;" they are evidences of imaginative exhaustion, probably also of mental weariness. The dedication of "Lord Kilgobbin," Lever's last novel, recently issued, hints of the author's broken health and spirits; and, read in the light of his death so soon after writing it, seems to indicate that the assiduous novelist of more than forty years' standing perceived the near approach of his end. Lever's enjoyment of life, and especially of those circles of society frequented by men of the world of the higher rank, seems to have

been undiminished to the last. He was a hale, and hearty, and sunny-souled Irishman, obstinate in his fine old ultra-Protestant Toryism, charming in dinner-table conversation, primed with an apparently exhaustless fund of anecdote, fond of good cheer, and yet a very keen observer of men and affairs. He was in his sixty-fourth year at the period of his death.

— If there is truth in what is stated by a writer on parliamentary representation in England, in the current *Westminster Review*—and he fortifies his assertions with an abundance of facts and figures—our transatlantic cousins are much farther off from "a government by the people and for the people" than the outer world has been wont to suppose. The exposure of the glaring inequalities in the representation is a startling one; rotten boroughs, or the equivalents of rotten boroughs, still exist, it appears, by tens and fifties. It is shown that it is quite possible for a large majority in the House of Commons, immediately after a general election, to represent a decided minority, not only of the English people, but of duly-qualified voters. A very few instances will clearly demonstrate this: The metropolitan constituencies of London contain a population of over three millions, and are represented by twenty-two members. A certain number of village boroughs, whose aggregate population is 135,000, sends twenty-three members. Thus 135,000 people in small boroughs overcome 3,000,000 in London; a small borough member is equal, in political power in the House, to twenty large borough members. The three great industrial counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Middlesex, with a population of 2,000,000, have twelve members; the small agricultural counties of Rutland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, Huntingdon, Sussex, and Worcester, with a population of 300,000 only, have also twelve members. There are fifteen boroughs, with a population of over 40,000, which return but one member each; while there are twenty-five, with less than 20,000 inhabitants, which return two members each. The four largest counties, containing 8,300,000 souls, return eighty-four members; while eleven small counties, aggregating but 2,100,000, return eighty-five members; 2,000,000 thus outvoting 8,000,000 by the proxy of their members in the House of Commons. Liverpool, with a population of 500,000, sends three members, and three members are also sent by Evesham, Northallerton, and Marlborough, with an aggregate population of but 11,000. These figures prove that parliamentary reform is yet scarcely out of its swaddling-clothes. The suffrage was extended by Disraeli, in 1867, to householders in boroughs, and residents rated at twelve pounds in the counties; but the Tory chief took good care to handle the redistribution of seats very

tenderly, so as not to destroy the advantage to his party of having small boroughs like Evesham counterbalance great constituencies, like a third part of the population of Liverpool! The great reform of a fair and impartial distribution of deputies according to population has yet to come; for, in a government by the people, the only just rule is that the same number of people shall everywhere be entitled to the same number of representatives. Mr. Bright has declared the question of distribution to be "the very soul of the question of reform;" again he called it "the very soul and jewel of your representative system." Mr. Gladstone has been not less emphatic on the subject; but the responsibility and conservatism of power seem hitherto to have paralyzed any design he may have had to effect what obtrusive facts show to be an urgently necessary revolution.

— An eminent man of science, one of whose eminence we suppose there can be no question, Mr. Alfred Wallace, author of "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," has recently expressed his positive belief in the supernatural origin of the spirit manifestations now so rife in this country and in Europe. In the London *Quarterly Journal of Science* for April, he reviews at considerable length Mr. Robert Dale Owen's last work on spiritualism, entitled the "Debatable Land," which he describes as a literary work of a high class, ably and honestly written, and presenting an array of facts supported by sufficient testimony to merit a full and fair discussion on scientific grounds. He says, in conclusion, that the facts stated by Mr. Owen, and maintained by adequate evidence, "actually force upon us the spiritual theory, just as the facts of geology force upon us the belief in long series of ancient living forms, different from those now upon the earth. I must accept all the equally well-attested facts of equal intrinsic probability, or reject all. I cannot believe in Cretaceous fossils as realities, and reject Silurian as freaks of Nature; neither can I accept the facts B may have witnessed, and reject those of the rest of the alphabet. Yet, if all the main classes of facts are admitted, the spiritual theory appears as clearly a deduction from them as the theory of extinct animals follows from the facts presented by their fossil remains." Mr. Wallace is unquestionably logical in coming to this conclusion. If the facts are admitted to be as Mr. Owen states them, the manifestations are undoubtedly produced by invisible beings having the intelligence, the passions, the whims, and the caprices of human beings. That is, they are the work of spirits who were once men in the flesh. That solution only will explain Mr. Owen's facts. It is idle to talk of psychic or other unknown forces, for whose existence we have no evidence. But the question is, Are Mr. Owen's facts really facts, or are they only illusions?

— The unveiling of Shakespeare's statue in the Central Park, May 23d, was celebrated by a dinner at the Century Club. Each item of the bill of fare was illustrated by a motto from the poet's writings, beginning with "God be wi' you. Fare you well," from "Hamlet," followed by "Now, good digestion wait on appetite," from "Macbeth." Under green-turtle soup was "Come forth, thou tortoise," from "The Tempest," and "Of the sea-water green, sir," from "Love's Labor's Lost." The second course was ushered in by a quotation from "Macbeth"—"Great Nature's second course." The boiled salmon, by "a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable," from "The Tempest;" roast lamb, "Our tender brother," from second "King Henry VI.;" lettuce-salad, "We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb," from "All's Well that Ends Well;" cheese, "Why, my cheese, my digestion," from "Troilus and Cressida;" ice-cream, "And milk comes frozen home in pail," from "Love's Labor's Lost;" fruits, "Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig," from "King John;" coffee, "The Duke of Berry," from "King Henry V.;" and lastly, cigars, "Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky," from "Titus Andronicus."

— Unless the French Government can offer some satisfactory explanation, the friendly relations existing between it and the English cabinet seem likely to be jeopardized by the extraordinary conduct of the former in deporting destitute Communists to British soil. On a recent occasion, it seems that twelve poor wretches were landed at Dover, having been refused all aid at Calais, and told to apply to the French consul at the former port. This functionary utterly refused them assistance, and told them to seek it at the workhouse. There they obtained food and lodging, and thence, sustained by charity or the workhouses of the towns through which they passed, they made the journey nearly as comfortably as David Copperfield, when going the reverse direction on foot to London. It may be imagined how pleased the British ratepayer, who finds it rather more than enough to support his own paupers, is at having indigent "moscos" thrust upon him. When Australia was indignant at convicts being dispatched to her, she determined to retaliate in kind, and arrangements for that end were actually commenced. John Bull has a splendid supply of this sort of material to land upon French soil—all the more so that the Australian market for such produce is now closed—though we fear not a little of it somehow reaches ours.

— It is a common notion in this country that the national House of Representatives is a rowdy and disorderly assemblage, that opinion having been created by the newspaper correspondents, who, when they have nothing else to say, amuse themselves

with magnifying every little ebullition of temper or excitement among the members into a disgraceful row. In England the same opinion prevails even more extensively, that snobbish nation being unable to conceive that a democrat may be a gentleman, or that good manners may exist where there is no court and no hereditary nobility. The truth is, that the House of Representatives is one of the most orderly and dignified of legislative bodies. The House of Commons, when excited, is much more disorderly, as was shown in the recent case of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Auberon Herbert. The French Assembly also indulges almost daily in scenes of uproar and tumult such as are never seen in Congress. And quite lately, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Signor Lanzi, one of the royal ministers, interrupted a deputy who was speaking, charged him with being dishonest, discourteous, and added, "You lie in your throat!" An uproar ensued, in which the members nearly came to blows, and which was ended only by the president's hastily putting on his hat, and thus adjourning the House. And yet the Italians have been civilized ten times as long as our race, and have, besides, to the fullest extent, the advantages which the English affect to prize so highly of hereditary monarchy and hereditary nobility.

— A rich man, named Barnes, died recently at Manchester, England. His personality alone was sworn under eight hundred thousand dollars. After bequeathing one hundred thousand dollars and a house to his only child, a daughter, he left the residue, subject to a few legacies, to be devoted to a peculiar but admirable charitable purpose. The income is to be applied to persons suffering from severe bodily disease, and "resident at their own homes, not in any almshouse, hospital, or such like institution." No grant is to exceed twenty pounds a year. The managers are further permitted to lend at their discretion a sum not exceeding this amount. This is a form of charity eminently needed. It reaches exactly that class now passed over—the quiet, better-days people, ashamed to let their want, their sickness, and their sorrow, be publicly known. The noisy, impudent beggar riots in plenty, while the class for whom Mr. Barnes designs his money pine in silent suffering, their fate known only to curate or district visitor, whose purse is too scanty to aid them. We have many such here. Where is our Mr. Barnes?

— Recent letters from Victoria, Australia, tell of remarkable changes in the value of agricultural produce in Melbourne. At the height of the gold-fever, twenty years ago, butter was a dollar a pound; bread, twelve cents; bacon, sixty cents; potatoes, one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel; flour, fourteen dollars per hundred-weight. Toward the end of last year butter was

twelve to fifteen cents a pound; beef, four to six cents a pound; flour, forty-eight to fifty-two dollars a ton (and of the best quality in the world); potatoes, seventy-five cents to a dollar per hundred-weight, and other vegetables proportionately low. Persons with a fixed income—policemen, for example—who receive each one dollar and fifty cents a day, are much better off than those with thrice the salary here.

## Correspondence.

### Concerning Catfish.

MISTEN EDITOR

I have bin a reglar reader of Appletons Journal most ever since it was started. I like the reading in it very much as a general thing, and the pictures too mostly, but I do think the man that drewed the second picture on page 691, number 169, made a great mistake in not making that catfishes tail flop. If I know any thing about catfish and I think I do for I catshed lots of 'em when I was a boy, then there never was none of the breed that wouldnt flop his tail when he finds hisself in such a fix as that one is in. Its too late now, of course, to make this ones flop, but I hope you will not forget this peculiarity of these slippery fellows if you should print the picture of another.

Yours Truly

JOHN HARRISON

NEW YORK June 12/A 1872.

## Miscellany.

### The Presidents.

THREE presidents crossed their fifty-year line during their incumbency of the office—General Grant, Mr. Polk, who entered office seven months before he was fifty, and General Pierce, who was in his forty-ninth year when taking his seat. General Washington was in his fifty-eighth year when he became president. John Adams was in his thirty-second, Mr. Jefferson in his fifty-eighth, Mr. Madison the same, Mr. Monroe in his fifty-ninth, John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth, General Jackson in his sixty-second, Mr. Van Buren in his fifty-fifth, General Harrison in his sixty-ninth, John Tyler in his fifty-second, General Taylor in his sixty-fifth, Mr. Fillmore in his fifty-first, Mr. Buchanan in his sixty-sixth, Mr. Lincoln in his fifty-third, and Mr. Johnson in his fifty-seventh. General Harrison was the oldest man ever elected to the presidency; General Grant the youngest. Four presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams—were all in their fifty-eighth year when they entered office; and four—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison—went out of office in their sixty-eighth year. General Jackson went out of office only eleven days before the completion of his seventieth year, and Mr. Buchanan fifty days before he was seventy. John Adams was the longest lived of the presidents, being in his ninety-first year at the time of his death. The next oldest was Mr. Madison, who died in his eighty-sixth year; Mr. Jefferson died in his eighty-fourth year, John Quincy Adams in his eighty-first, Mr. Van Buren in his eightieth, General Jackson in his seventy-ninth, and Mr. Monroe in his seventy-third. General Pierce was the youngest retiring president,

who went out of office soon after he had completed his fifty-second year. Mr. Polk retired in his fifty-fourth year, and died in a little more than three months after, at the age of fifty-three years, seven months, and thirteen days—youngest of all our presidents in death.

The most notable deaths are those of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, which occurred July 4, 1826, at nearly the same hour. Both were conspicuous actors in the opening drama of the Revolution, and made an impress upon the country which essentially aided the struggle. Both, too, were conspicuous in the formation of the government, and, though at the antipodes in their opinions, each did good service to the country. Mr. Adams was at the head of the Federal party, Mr. Jefferson of the Republican. Their followers were bitter toward each other, and the partisan malignity scrupled at nothing to malign its opponents. Both outlived the slanders of their active lives, and survived long enough for each to appreciate the other, and accord to each other an earnest, patriotic purpose in their political careers. It was fitting that these two noble old men, patriots in the best sense of the term, should, hand-in-hand, walk down to the river and together enter the great Hereafter.

Of all our presidents, John Quincy Adams was the most noted. Early in life he entered the public service, and, under the training of his father, became an accomplished statesman. He continued his public career to the close of his life. His administration was not a brilliant one, for he went into office on the ruins of the Federal and Republican parties. Old issues had been settled; and, during the presidency of Mr. Monroe, especially his last term, there was no such thing as party. It was the "era of good feeling," so far as the past was concerned. When a successor was to be chosen, the contest was for men, as there was no question of public policy to divide upon. Four candidates were voted for—Jackson, Clay, Adams, and Crawford. There was no choice by the people, and the election went to the House of Representatives. Mr. Adams was chosen, the friends of Mr. Clay going to his aid. This embittered the friends of Jackson and Crawford, who were in opposition, and proved sore thorns for four years. In 1828 General Jackson was elected, and Mr. Adams retired, having made no mark as president, from the fact that no opportunity occurred; no great measure came up as a rallying-point, and he retired from as he entered on office, without a party. He was returned to Congress in 1831, and continued a member of the House until his death, which occurred in 1846, February 23d. He died in the Capitol, as was most fitting, for his seventeen years of continuous service had been marked by a persistency and industry which crowned him with honor.

General Harrison was the first president who died in office. Only thirty days in his seat, he did not have time to inaugurate a policy. He was murdered by the ceaseless importunities of office-seekers and factions striving to get the better of each other. The Whigs had been out of the Government twelve years—the two terms of General Jackson and the one of Mr. Van Buren—and were as ravenous as wolves. They besieged the executive day and night. His constitution could not stand the strain, and he fell at his post, an honest man, though leaving no political record. The second president dying in office was General Taylor. He was an iron soldier, but the thorny paths of politics proved his death. The slave-power was striving for domination, and the old general found his administration beset by so much difficulty

that he, too, fell at his post, worn out by its distractions. In both cases the succession proved unfortunate for the Whigs, and on each occasion the party became weakened, and never was able to rally again as before.

#### Polar Expeditions.

The polar regions promise to receive their full share of attention during the next two or three years. An expedition, in which Dr. Petermann and the majority of the German geographical societies manifest great faith, is to sail from Bremerhaven about the end of June, under the auspices of the Austrian Government. The plan of the voyage is as follows: The expeditionary vessel, a three-masted schooner, one hundred and eighteen feet long, provided with an engine of ninety-five horse-power, is to be provisioned for a period of three years. The first winter is to be spent on the most northern promontory of Asia; during the following summer the exploration of the Central Polar Ocean is to be continued, and an effort made to reach the Pole; the second winter is to be spent on the new Siberian Island, and the third summer will be employed in reaching Behring's Straits and an Asiatic or American haven. Another expedition, under the control of Professor Nordenskiöld, a Swedish geographer, is almost ready to depart from Stockholm. The principal object of this expedition is to reach the Pole from high latitudes in sleighs drawn by reindeer, of which animals fifty will be shipped from Norway, with the necessary fodder and a number of Lapps to attend them. It will be seen that Professor Nordenskiöld does not believe in the story of an open sea extending to the Pole; if he did, he would place less faith in his reindeer. There are several other North-Polar expeditions of less importance in preparation, one of which was announced to sail from Havre in April. There is also the American expedition under Captain Hall, which will attempt to reach the Pole this summer; and M. Octave Pavy is going to look for it on a raft; while the intelligence comes from Europe that another enthusiastic Frenchman intends to try and discover it with a balloon. For fear that none of these explorers will succeed in their purpose, the English are now making arduous exertions to get up a British expedition, and it is proposed to hold meetings, send deputations to government, and appeal to Parliament for aid to the undertaking, which, we are told, the whole scientific world has resolved, with singular unanimity, is greatly needed.

#### Japanese Women.

The Japanese women are not pretty; but they have charming natural manners; with beautifully-shaped arms, and tiny hands. The young women are all as remarkable for their superb white teeth as the married ones are for their hideous black ones. This custom originated some two or three hundred years ago, and is supposed to show the wife's devotion to her husband. One of the mikado's wives (so goes the legend) was very lovely, and to show her indifference to her personal appearance, and to prove her love for her husband, blackened her beautiful teeth and shaved off her eyebrows. This was considered such a sacrifice, that all living wives (not to be outdone by Mrs. Mikado) followed her example. The custom has become compulsory.

Whether the married women like thus to blacken their teeth or not, is disputed among foreign residents here. The men compel them, however, to do it, whether they like it or not, for it is the great sign by which a man consecrates and shows off his female chattel to the

world. Whoever has blackened teeth is not to be touched by other men, on pain of death. The eyebrows of married women, I may as well add here, are shaved, and their lips rouged. Needs there, then, this penalty of death?

A merchant, who seems to be rich in the good things of the world, has just let one of our ladies peep into his wife's inner bedchamber, and here is the brief result of her explorations:

"Little or no furniture; no chairs; no bedstead—nothing but mats to sleep on. A toilet-box was on the floor, near the wall—about the only article of furniture in the room. In this box there were five drawers, and two lacquer basins on top. In the top drawer of this box there was a metallic mirror, like our hand-glasses. In the second drawer she kept her powder, paint, wax, brush, tooth-powder and brush. Two little drawers came next; in one she had her false hair, and in the other fancy pins, gilt paper, and other fixings for her hair. In the lower drawer was her pillow, which is placed under the neck when sleeping on the mats, so as to prevent the hair from being rumpled. It is made of wood, and covered with paper on the top. The powder looks like starch, and when they use it they mix a little water with it, and rub it in like paste; and they have two brushes that they use to rub it off with. The paint looks green, and turns red when put on the lips and cheeks."

The following is her receipt for blacking the teeth:

"Take three pints of water, and, having warmed it, add half a tea-cupful of wine (saki). Put into this mixture a quantity of red-hot iron; allow it to stand five or six days, when there will be a scum on the top of the mixture, which should then be poured into a small tea-cup and placed near the fire. When it is warm, powdered gall-nuts and iron filings should be added to it, and the whole should be warmed again. The liquid is then painted on the teeth by a soft feather brush, with more powdered gall-nuts and iron, and, after several applications, the desired color will be obtained."—*Brooke's "Seven Months' Run."*

#### A Queer Will.

An eccentric genius, who died last year in Massachusetts, left the following will:

"In the name of the Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient, of Science and Commonsense. Amen.

"I, Sol. Hewes Sanborn (cosmopolite), now sojourning at Simpson's Hotel, Medford, Middlesex County, State of Massachusetts, do, by these presents, will, devise, and bequeath (for the diffusion of anatomical knowledge among mankind), my mortal remains to Professor Louis Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Harvard University, on the following conditions:

"1. That my body be prepared in the most scientific and skilful manner known in anatomical art, and placed in the museum of anatomy in the aforesaid institution, or any other public building the said professors may deem advisable.

"2. It is my express desire (if compatible with the usages of the aforesaid university) that two drum-heads shall be made of my skin, on one of which shall be written, in indelible characters, 'Pope's Universal Prayer,' and on the other 'The Declaration of Independence,' as it originated in the brain of its illustrious author, Thomas Jefferson, the said drum-heads to be presented to my distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer, Cohasset, Norfolk County, State of Massachusetts, on the following conditions: That he, the aforesaid Warren Simpson, shall beat, or cause to be beaten, on said drum-heads, the national air of 'Yankee Doodle,' at the base of the monument at Bunker's Hill, at sunrise, on the 17th of June, annually.

"The viscera and other parts of my body,



useless for anatomical purposes, I wish composted for a fertilizer, to be used for the purpose of nourishing the growth of the American elm, to be planted or set out on some rural or public thoroughfare, that the weary, wayfaring man may rest, and innocent children playfully sport beneath the shadow of its umbrageous branches, rendered luxuriant by my carcass.

"SOL. HEWES SANBORN."

#### The Great Fire at Yeddo.

On the afternoon of April 3d, a fire broke out in the aristocratic quarter of Yeddo, which spread rapidly to the business quarter, sweeping every thing before it for a space of two miles in length, by half a mile in breadth. The list of houses destroyed includes seventeen large government offices, sixty temples, two hundred and eighty-seven small public offices, and four thousand seven hundred and fifty-three private dwellings and shops.

Mr. House, an American resident of Yeddo, who saw the fire, writes this about the conduct of the Japanese:

"The behavior of the populace at the time of and after this almost unparalleled calamity was again such as to justify all that has ever been said of their perfect order, patient fortitude, and vigorous energy. Long after all reasonable hope of checking the course of the fire had been abandoned, they labored valiantly and heroically to keep it within the closest possible range, and displayed a persistent courage and insensibility to peril which I have never known equalled in any similar emergency. From an elevated part of one of the walls I could see groups of firemen standing upon and in the midst of burning houses, grasping their standards until the woodwork literally blazed in their hands. These singular emblems are generally looked upon as a species of "fire-god," in which a superstitious faith is reposed, and the apparent reliance of the multitude upon them is duly derided by superior critics of Caucasian hue. The fact is, that they have precisely the same purpose as the banners of an army, and are planted by their bearers in spots of peculiar danger, from which it is a point of honor not to retreat while nature has the power to endure. Scores of these daring fellows were successively prostrated, and were borne away, insensible from wounds or suffocation, while others eagerly pressed forward to take their places. There was no interruption, as there was no limit, to their hardihood. At no moment was the least sign of hesitation or indecision apparent. For the mere chance of rescuing a single house, a dozen men would fearlessly risk their lives. Every disposition to second their endeavors was shown by the multitude. How such perfect order could have prevailed in so dense and excited a mass it is difficult to understand. No sign of turbulence was anywhere visible. All whose possessions were not in immediate danger seemed ready and anxious to assist their less fortunate neighbors, and, even among strangers, the most perfect confidence appeared to prevail. I have been since informed by the authorities of Yeddo that not a single case of loss by theft during the fire was brought to their notice, and that the condition of the city was, throughout the night and the few days closely following, more than ordinarily quiet and free from disorder. Having myself passed many hours among that part of the community whose sufferings were greatest, I can readily believe this statement, and am glad to give it concurrence, so far as a single observer can do.

"By eleven o'clock at night the fire had burnt itself out. At midnight groups of laborers were at work, with lanterns and torches, putting together rough sheds and shanties,

which might serve as temporary refuges for the homeless women and children. At sunrise, the next morning, the burnt plain was dotted over with little rude villages of huts, and all idea of useless despair seemed to have given way to a vigorous impulse of restoration. But the amount of misery, although not conspicuously visible, must have been very great. The government contributed large stores of rice for the relief of the sufferers, and private contributions were offered in abundance, and gratefully received. Although the pride of the native officials withheld them from soliciting aid from strangers, they gladly accepted the little that the foreign residents of Yeddo were able to offer."

#### Prices of Pictures.

Frith's "Derby Day," engravings from which are met with everywhere, sold for \$7,500; his "Railroad Station," an equally well-known picture, for \$30,000, and was subsequently resold for the astounding price of \$115,000. His "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" was painted to order for \$15,000, and the copyright brought \$25,000. Landseer's first thoroughly successful picture brought only \$1,000, but he received for his "Bears," "Braemar Gathering," and "Swannery," \$20,000 each, and probably a large additional sum for the copyright. Meissonnier, whose works are not sought after as much as they formerly were, refused an offer from a well-known American art-patron of 175,000 francs for his largest work, "The Cavalry Charge," a comparatively small canvas, and subsequently received 200,000 francs for it. Rosa Bonheur obtains from \$20,000 upward for her larger works, such as the "Horse Fair," and Gérôme \$10,000 to \$15,000 for his. For a Raphael now in the National Gallery at London, £30,000 sterling is asked, although the picture is slightly damaged. The works of Greuze, who once had to run about Paris begging the dealers to buy his pictures to save him from starvation, now sell at auction for \$12,000 and \$15,000 each; and sketches by David Cox, of the English water-color school, which he sold for a few shillings, are now worth hundreds of dollars. A replica of Cabanel's "Venus," somewhat smaller than the original, was recently sold in this city for \$10,000; and for Dubuffe's "Prodigal Son," an immense canvas, \$30,000 is asked. Bouguereau, an imitable painter of children, gets \$5,000 and \$6,000 for his life-size works; and Merle, a great artist, somewhat more.

The best known of our own artists obtain good prices. Church gets from \$15,000 to \$20,000 for a picture of the size of his "Jerusalem;" Bierstadt from \$10,000 to \$15,000 for his larger compositions; William Hart \$4,000 to \$5,000 for paintings of the size of his "Golden Hour" and "Last Gleam," and \$700 to \$800 for smaller works. Kensett, who never paints large pictures, readily obtains \$1,000 or \$1,500 for his best works; Seymour J. Guy, \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a canvas of moderate size; T. L. Smith \$700 to \$1,500, and so on. For portraits, the price varies from \$500 to \$1,000. Of water-color painters, Bellows obtains from \$250 to \$500, and William Hart \$600 to \$700. Buyers of water-colors expect to get them cheaper than oils, under the impression that they are more easily executed. But this is not so. A painter will tell you that a water-color requires more brain-work in its execution than an oil, for the reason that when water-color is once laid on it cannot be altered effectively. Oils can be scraped out or painted over. In using water-colors, too, the high lights, which are formed by the white surface of the paper, have to be left; in oils they are painted in

afterward. The works of the best water-colorists of the English school sell at auction for \$1,000 and \$1,500 each. Birket Foster, whose compositions are chiefly valuable for engraving from, obtains \$1,000 for a water-color eight inches by twelve.

#### The Railroads of India.

The railroads of India are doing more, it seems to me, for the conversion of Hindoos, if not Mohammedans, than all the missionaries; and if the English Government here would give a little bit of preference to the Holy Bible over the Shastras, and Vedas, and the Korans (only a little bit), I should have some hope that the railroads would do what the missionaries have, for now two centuries, not done—that is, turn the people from the error of their ways. The railroad is breaking down slowly the Hindoo castes. The proud, and lofty, and blue-blooded Bramin must now go into the same car with the poor, despised pariah, or not go at all. The hard-hearted English conductor pushes in, or tumbles in, pariah on top of Bramin, and Mohammedans among them too. Each wraps up his garments around him, and preserves himself, as much as possible, from the horrible contamination; but, when once holy Bramin is in the car with polluted pariah, go he must, or jump out and die. The railroad, now, has become here the great vein of life, the heart, as it were, of the geographical anatomy of the country; and hence, this mixed circulation of all these various religious sects and bloods in it, is amalgamating, slowly, despite religion, caste, and creed. And this is happening in a land, too, where, if even the shadow of a Christian, or a Mohammedan, pariah, should pass over the food of a Bramin, he would not eat it, or over his body, he would feel himself polluted. Railroads are great levellers everywhere; but railroads in India are levelling heathenism, and may, by-and-by, bring it up to Christianity. What conquers caste here, equalizes. What equalizes heathenism here, strips it of its pride, selfishness, exclusiveness, etc., and thus prepares it for something better than itself.—*Brooke's "Seven Months' Run."*

#### The Northern Pacific Railroad.

The Committee on Pacific Railroads were instructed, during the recent session of Congress, to investigate the affairs of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, upon motion of the Hon. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts. The report, just published, is a complete vindication of the officers and agents of the company, and is in every way satisfactory. There were no charges of any kind made against the management. The committee examined the officers of the company under oath, and have obtained the fullest information as to the actual condition of the road. The work throughout is of the best quality; the iron is all manufactured from American ores by American labor. By the end of the present year, five hundred and seventeen miles of road will be in operation. Surveys for the best lines across the continent have been made, and, in addition to that now completed, there is under construction and preparing for contracts one thousand and thirty one miles of road, including both sides of the Rocky Mountains. No director or engineer of the road is peculiarly interested in its construction, and all contracts have been made after competitive biddings. No land has been sold, given, or promised, to any director or executive officer. The managers are to be congratulated upon the clean record shown, which will do much to strengthen public confidence in the value of this great company.

## Foreign Items.

**HERR VON HUELSEN**, the intendant of the imperial theatres of Berlin, is in great distress. He had two very good prima donnas, Mademoiselle Mallinger and Madame Pauline Lucca. The former was the better singer, but Madame Lucca was the favorite of the Berliners. The two ladies disliked each other, and once quarrelled on the stage, to the astonishment of the audience. Mademoiselle Mallinger was discharged in consequence; but now Madame Lucca has also severed her connection with the Berlin opera. She is married to a Prussian nobleman, who has lost in the last six months, at the gaming-table, the whole fortune which his gifted wife had accumulated in the last ten years. Madame Lucca, therefore, has resolved to come to America, and try to recover what she has lost, by a two years' concert-tour in the New World.

It will be remembered that, several months ago, a disgraceful quarrel was reported to have taken place between the grand-duke hereditary of Russia and the German ambassador, Prince de Reuss. This report was afterward pronounced to be unfounded by the Russian papers; but now the *Cracow Czas*, a Polish paper published in Austria, says that the report was true, and that the Russian crown-prince, in his excitement, not only struck the German ambassador, but even his own father, who tried to restrain his violence. The *Czas* says that it is able to prove its assertions, and promises further revelations.

A comparison of the rates of compensation paid to magazine-writers in the various countries of Europe and in the United States, shows that the highest rates are paid in France and in this country. The German authors, even the most popular ones, receive only about five dollars a page. The leading magazine in Sweden pays its contributors one dollar and a half a page. The Italian magazines pay no compensation whatever to contributors, but give them a certain number of copies of the issue containing their article.

A confidence-woman from America, Mrs. Fanny Jordan, has been expelled from Bavaria. She had managed to obtain several interviews with the King of Bavaria at his country-seat, and he had been so pleased with her that he had made her various costly presents, and given her thousands of dollars. The police, however, discovered that she was an unprincipled actress, and sent her summarily across the frontier to Switzerland.

The so-called Jesuit law in Germany deprives the members of the Order of Loyola of all political rights. They will, in consequence, be constantly subject to police surveillance; they may be arrested without judicial authority, and even flogged by order of a police magistrate. They will probably turn their backs on that country.

Offenbach and Strauss were formerly fast friends in Vienna; but some time ago they fell out, and Strauss composed an operette in Offenbach's style for the express purpose of eclipsing his former friend. He was so successful that the enraged Offenbach intended to challenge him. The duel was prevented by the interference of mutual friends.

The King of Belgium has won his suit against the Emperor of Austria for two million francs which Maximilian of Mexico had borrowed of him in 1865. Maximilian, it now

turns out, died bankrupt; and it has already cost his brother Francis Joseph several million francs to pay his debts and those of his unfortunate consort Carlotta.

The first dispatches which reached Germany about the nomination at Cincinnati said that "Florence Gapleg" had been nominated there for President of the United States; and the unfortunate German journalists were at their wits' ends to know who it was.

Seventeen pleasure-trips to the United States have been arranged in Germany. The average expense for the whole trip, including a ten days' sojourn in this country, is three hundred thalers. The visitors will arrive in this country mostly in August. They start from Cologne and Hamburg.

In 1869 the *Moniteur*, in Paris, had twenty-two thousand subscribers, and its good-will was appraised at twelve hundred thousand francs. It prints now less than one thousand copies, and may be bought for fifteen thousand francs.

Gambetta has written a letter to Victor Hugo, in which he censures the poet for publishing his "Année Terrible," which he says will do more harm to France than the loss of many battles.

Marshal Bazaine has received from Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whom he had asked to testify for him at his impending trial before the court-martial at Versailles, a letter in which the prince declines to appear.

The proprietors of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the paper, distributed fifty thousand thalers among their employés, and gave each of the reporters one thousand dollars.

Four thousand five hundred Jews have left Roumania in consequence of the recent raids upon them in that country. The Emperor of Russia refuses to admit them to his territories, and they have now found an asylum in Turkey.

Prince Napoleon realized recently, in London, about half a million by the sale of his collection of relics of Napoleon I. Among them was the celebrated travelling-library of the great emperor, in two hundred and fifty volumes.

Madame Rattazzi has commenced the publication of her memoirs. The first part, in three volumes, has appeared under the title of "A Stormy Youth" ("Une Jeunesse Orageuse").

The Austrian Government has prohibited the sale of the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, the Chicago *Union*, and the Boston *Pioneer*, in the dominions of Austria.

The Austrian Archduke Heinrich, who is married to a German actress, is said to have lived for several months past, under an assumed name, in the United States.

Richard Wagner wanted, last year, three hundred thousand dollars for his Wagner Opera-house, at Baireuth. The subscriptions amounted to upward of one million dollars.

A tooth of the Emperor Napoleon I. was sold the other day at Brussels for one hundred and sixty-five francs. Several affidavits attested the genuineness of the relic.

A professor of magnetism in Paris advertises that he will make fat people lean in fourteen sciences.

M. de Noailles, the present minister of France to Washington, was formerly a page at the Tuilleries during the reign of King Louis Philippe.

The Paris *Figaro* is prosecuted for having published a humorous article on the death of President Thiers's favorite dog, Kiki. Kiki expired in his fourteenth year.

A map showing the jurisdiction of the German consuls in foreign countries, has been published in Berlin by order of Prince Bismarck.

There are in the lunatic asylums of Austria one hundred and two persons, each of whom believes that he is the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

At the recent exhibition of oil-paintings in Paris, all pictures which might have excited hatred against the Germans were refused admittance.

The well-known murderess, Julia Ebergemgi, has gone mad since the death of her accomplice, Count Chorinsky, and has been sent to an Austrian lunatic asylum.

A military establishment in Berlin is exclusively engaged in manufacturing Prussian uniforms for German militia regiments in the United States.

The conservatives in Mecklenburg and Pomerania have sent to the German emperor petitions for the prohibition of emigration from those countries.

Constant Duhamel, the greatest French mathematician of our time, died in Paris on the 1st of May.

Among the persons of note who recently died in Greece, was Riga Palamides, an intimate friend of Lord Byron.

The great caricaturist of Berlin, Scholz, has been engaged by the publishers of the London *Punch*.

The Danish Government pays annually sixteen thousand dollars in pensions to meritorious Danish authors.

Baron von Rothschild, in Paris, offers to sell his splendid country-seat at Ferrières for four million francs.

The wages which the working-men of Berlin lost last year by their "strikes" amounted to nearly two million thalers.

Prince Richard de Metternich has settled permanently at Nice.

Berthold Auerbach is at work upon a history of Jewish philosophy.

Dr. Augustus Petermann will probably leave Gotha and go to London.

The Italian General de la Marmora is entirely blind, and almost paralyzed.

Father Beckx, the "general" of the Jesuits, will visit the United States next August.

Murderers will hereafter be executed in Austria by shooting.

Lanza, the great Italian minister, started in life as a druggist's apprentice.

There are more divorces granted in Austria than in any other country in the world.

The Jewish University in Berlin, the first in Germany, was opened on the 1st of May.

## Varieties.

A TOUCHING incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich, let me make restitution. Here is twenty dollars for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty-dollar bill, and received thirty dollars in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The fifty-dollar bill was bad.

A traveller in Florida writes: "This is the land where towns consist of one house; where steamboats make eight miles an hour; where railroads carry you four miles an hour (on my honor, they are four hours going sixteen miles from Toool to St. Augustine); where the happy maxim rules, 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow'; where the mail comes semi-occasionally; where the newspaper is almost as rare as a snow-storm; and where telegrams are unknown."

A German tailor, living near Bangor, Me., having, in a most improper way, married No. 2 in a very short time after the death of No. 1, was visited by the outraged young men of the town and treated to several tin-horn overtures. Coming out, he addressed to his unwelcome visitors the following expostulation: "I say, boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be makin' all this noise ven there was a funeral here so soon!"

Two men having arranged to fight a duel in Rhode Island, the governor issued a proclamation forbidding it, whereupon one of the parties sent him a note saying that one of them would stand in Connecticut and the other in Massachusetts, and shoot over his miserable little State.

A Texan tells this story of lost opportunities: "Now, you see," said he, "land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. I have seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber, for a pair of boots." "And why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. "Didn't have the boots," said the Texan.

A Mississippi girl, just out of school, hired a few negroes last season and undertook to carry on the farm at her homestead. The results at the end of the year were eight bins of potatoes, six hundred bushels of corn, and nine hundred and sixty-nine dollars in cash from the sale of cotton after all expenses were paid.

Jefferson was one of the most industrious and observant of men. He kept an account of the earliest and latest appearance of all the vegetables (perhaps thirty kinds) sold in the Washington market during the entire eight years of his presidency.

The total number of families in Greece is 327,809. The largest city is Athens, which has 44,510 inhabitants. Then come Hermopolis, on the island of Syra, with 20,276; Patras, with 19,641; Zante, with 17,516; and Corfu, with 15,452. Among the smaller towns we find Sparta, with a population of 2,699.

An English writer advises young ladies to look favorably upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits, giving as a reason that their mother Eve married a gardener. He forgot to add, however, that the gardener lost his situation in consequence of the match.

The three things which a woman cannot do are now said to be, to sharpen a pencil, tie up a bundle, and carry an umbrella. To do any thing else, for which her sex does not directly incapacitate her, she has proved her ability, says the *New-York Standard*.

"What are you digging there for?" asked a loiterer of three men who were digging a trench in the street. "Money, sur," the answer came. The man watched the operation until the joke got through the roots of his hair, and then moved on.

The editor of the *New-Orleans Republican* thinks it must have been the proof-reader who made him call the governor "our enterprising thief" when he meant to say "our enterprising chief."

Experiments prove that one horse can draw, on a good road, in good condition, more than three horses can draw on a road in poor condition.

An Illinois legislator said, in a speech against the Chicago Burnt Records bill, that he had come to pronounce its eulogy as Mark Antony did over Cleopatra.

A copy of the third folio of Shakespeare, printed in 1664, was sold recently at a London auction for one hundred and forty-one pounds, or about seven hundred dollars.

A correspondent, who has been visiting Carlyle's study, says an "earthquake might turn it upside down, but could not add to its disarrangement."

A politico-astronomical paper says: "Venus is as successful a lobbyist as Vinnie Ream. She has coaxed fifty thousand dollars out of Congress on pretext of a transit across the sun."

Corns do not aid us on our path through life, as a rule; yet we have all heard of a certain pilgrim whose progress was entirely due to a Bunyan.

Professor Huxley says there is no proof of what is so commonly asserted, that the heel of the negro is longer, in proportion to the foot, than the heel of the Caucasian.

The Cincinnati University is reported to have an initial endowment fund of two million dollars.

Supervising Architect Mullett says that Seneca stone is the best sandstone in the country.

Sixty thousand acres of land in Florida were recently purchased for one and a half cents an acre.

Juarez, President of Mexico, is sixty years of age, and is by blood a pure Indian.

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